

OUT WHERE  
THE WORLD  
BEGINS  
ABE CORY

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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J. Lovell Murray.






OUT WHERE  
THE WORLD BEGINS

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ABE CORY



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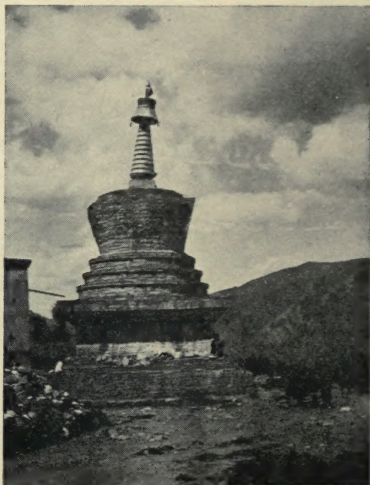






#### HERE WAS SYLVIA MARRIED TO THE GODS

In such a lamasery where dwelt a horde of Tibetan Lamas was Sylvia Lambert hidden. This is the Lamasery of Derge—part of the country over which Sylvia was taken as a captive. The house in the foreground is the castle of the Prince of Derge and is one of the finest buildings in Tibet.



#### LOZONG WORSHIPING AT WAYSIDE SHRINE

Along the roads of Tibet the faithful Buddhist finds the shrine where he may worship, hang his prayer flag or make his offering. Such a devotee as Lozong would not pass one of these without stopping.

# OUT WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

*A Story of a Far Country*


BY

ABE CORY

*Author of "The Trail to the  
Hearts of Men," etc.*

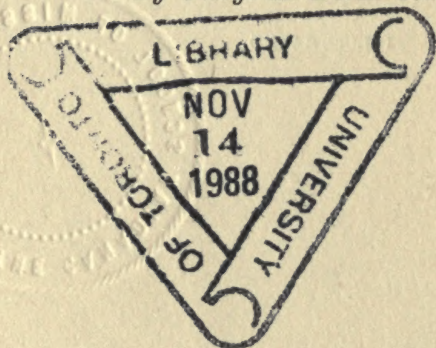
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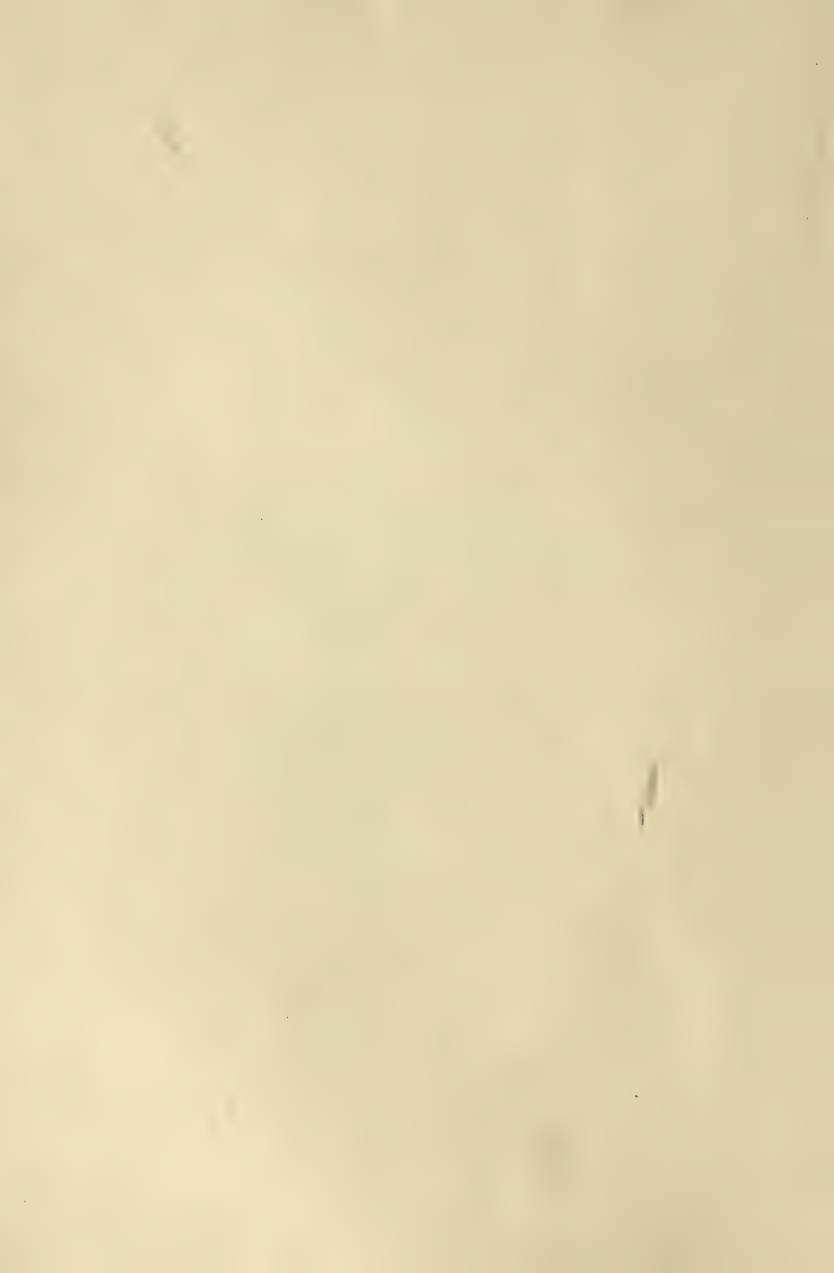
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DEDICATED

TO

THOSE FAR SOULS WHO HAVE LIVED AND  
JOURNEYED OUT WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS, AND  
WHOSE FRIENDSHIP, COURAGE AND EXAMPLE  
HAVE MADE THIS STORY POSSIBLE



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# OUT WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

## CHAPTER I

### THE WORLD'S EDGE

A LITTLE caravan of shaggy ponies and unkempt camels of uncertain age, which had come from the templed hills of Eastern China and carried their burdens of food and supplies for the expectant traveler over the mountains and deserts of Northern China, crossed the line that separates China from Tibet in following the trail to Lhasa.

It was a sudden transition. The tile and straw roofs of Chinese houses, the springless carts of Chinese roads and the many other signs that forever make China distinct seemed to have vanished. The caravan was

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

climbing at an altitude of between nine and ten thousand feet above sea level, journeying toward that age-locked land on the roof of the world, Tibet. They crossed a little mountain stream beside which were camped Mongols clad in dirty fur garments, who were watering their rugged ponies, and the woman who rode ahead caught sight of the black tent of a Tibetan nomad in the distance. This was her first view of the dwellings of this remote, nomadic nation.

“At last,” she murmured, as she looked upon the scene. What a difference between the surroundings of her earlier life in America and the majestic hills now about her. Not less marked was the change which the last five years had wrought in her, for no one can journey far into strange lands and among new peoples without change. The wonderful complexion of her earlier youth had become rough and brown from exposure, and into her eyes bright with the joy of life had come also a look of determination and purpose.

## THE WORLD'S EDGE

Many people had laughed at her determination to go to Lhasa, the capital of Tibet and the remote citadel of the head of the worshipers of the mystic Buddha. Many had even asked, "Where is Tibet?" When she landed at Shanghai and found her way to Peking, the consular officials and the people of the easy life of the port cities of China looked upon her as a woman fashioned only for drawing-rooms and ridiculed her when she talked of Lhasa. To journey there meant hardship and danger and many had lost their lives in the attempt. She had tarried at Peking and devoted much time to the study of the Chinese and Tibetan languages, and after a few months those who were expert in these pronounced her knowledge of them above the average.

She was on her way to Lhasa, not wholly because of her love of adventure, but because she had been dared to go. The challenge was one of those incidents that seem trivial at the time, but which lead to unalterable changes in our lives. There had been

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awakened in her many feelings of protest against the commonplace of modern society and she had left it for the strange and untried. The force that step by step was leading her to the top of the world to face dangers that strong men feared was not alone the desire of adventure and the result of the dare. She felt an insatiable desire to seek and know a life free from the veneer of modern society. She knew that beneath the glitter and gloss there was no contentment or reality. After she had finished her college course and had traveled much in Europe she returned to her home town in a middle western State to look after business affairs which had become hers upon the death of her parents.

The dare came then from a man who wooed her and whom she admired, but the whole society in which she moved palled upon her and she longed for something different. Her soul was seeking its own and she would not allow it to be killed. It was when this man asked her to be his wife that the test



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came. When he asked her for her answer, instantly she said, "No." And then came the other question, "Why?"

Sylvia Lambert, being honest at heart, told him that she felt honored because he wanted her to become his wife.

"I have heard a great deal about love," she said, "and I have come to wonder if there is such a thing as real love, at least for me. Don't think I am cynical, for I don't mean to be."

"I have studied men," she continued, "and I have come to feel that not one of them can be unselfish in his love, that every man who seeks a woman thinks only of her beauty and of her appearance rather than of her soul and character, and for this reason I am afraid I shall never marry. There is something inside of me that is always unsatisfied. Oh!" she exclaimed, with her eyes aglow, "I want adventure. It is fine to be wooed by a man like you, yet all men are so much alike, and it's experience I want before I marry."

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

The man was silent for a moment, and then, impatiently and half in anger, asked: "What kind of adventure?"

"Oh," she said thoughtfully, "I want to meet men who are different, men who have not been poured into the same mold and think that only custom is important. I want to go out where men's souls are tried. I would like to be afraid once. I would like to test myself and to be tested as the women of the past were tried, for the women of to-day have become soft and weak because they know nothing of fear."

He smiled as she went on in her enthusiasm, and with a sarcastic expression on his lips he asked:

"Why don't you go to Lhasa?"

She turned upon him.

"To Lhasa? I have heard of Lhasa, but where is it?"

"It's where no foreign woman has ever been. It's out on the roof of the world, it's out where the world begins."

## THE WORLD'S EDGE

His apparent contempt drove her to prompt decision.

"I will go," she said in a determined voice, "for I am sure that there men are natural, that there human nature is not made to conform to standards set by others. I will go, for out where the world begins there must be adventure, fear and reality. There I will know if the world holds real men and if I can find myself."

Five years elapsed. She had many times nearly turned back. She could not hurry across China to the far border of Tibet for there were so many things to learn and do of which she had never dreamed when she made her decision. The years had been full of experience and learning. She had come with open eyes, realizing that she must know the road if she hoped to gain that far city toward which many had journeyed and which so few had reached. In journeying across China Sylvia Lambert had learned to honor those who left home to reside in cities

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far from the ports, and who were in these towns the only American or English residents, the missionaries. They had helped her with the Chinese language, for they spoke it well, and upon approaching the borders of Kansu she realized more and more how greatly they had assisted her. Reluctantly, but with no change of purpose, she said good-bye to the last of these. Against their protests she kept her face turned to the west.

She was not sorry that she had chosen the road through China to Lhasa rather than the one through India and Dajeerling. Men had gone the Eastern route by force of arms, but those who had traveled this road had won their way by kindness, for this was the road of the missionary and the caravan.

As her caravan found its way over the hills she saw a straggling village built on the slope of a hill, at the foot of which two small streams came together. Poplar saplings were growing in scattered groves and every-



## THE WORLD'S EDGE

where were shaggy yaks, camels and little herds of rough ponies.

When the caravan entered the town of Luser, Sylvia Lambert realized that at last she was in Tibet. Down the long narrow street of mud-walled, flat-roofed houses she went, the center of observation, for a Chinese servant sent ahead to secure lodging in an inn had announced their coming. He came running out to meet her. Curious people came in crowds, for word had run quickly down the street that an unmarried foreign woman was traveling in Tibet. From doorways and from the roofs of the houses people watched her. She had become accustomed to being called a foreign devil in China, but here the people were silent. Some of them had seen a missionary's wife, but they had never before seen an unmarried woman from the Occident. Such a person was phenomenal.

The blue-gowned men and women in China had become familiar to Sylvia Lambert, but in this curious Tibetan town it



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seemed that every type of the strange and unknown was commingled. The Chinese were there, as they are everywhere in Asia. Representatives of every Tibetan tribe and caste, from east, west, north and south, were marked by the differences in their color, facial expression or dress; the Mongols by gowns of fur, the Lamas by shaved heads, the red-capped men of eastern Tibet by matted hair and gowns of sheepskin which hung only to their knees and by raw-hide boots. She noticed the women with their hair in heavy braids hanging to their waists and smiled at the contrast between this fashion and her own smooth coil.

Her servant took her to the inn. The inns of the east for the most part have but one room—where the animals were tied at one end of the room and where but little privacy could be found.

The most important thing before her was the organization of the caravan and the arrangements necessary to pass the officials and Lamas in order to proceed to Lhasa. A

## THE WORLD'S EDGE

young Lama named Bao Lama was brought to her, who said that he had gone to Lhasa five times and wanted to go again. He represented to her that she would not find the journey difficult, but she was not deceived by what he said because she had learned in China how hazardous was the road to that far city, holy to every Tibetan, and how many diplomats, explorers, scientists and missionaries had failed in their attempt to reach it. She learned from the missionaries that she could not expect to go to Lhasa as a traveler only, but that the only way would be to win the people by ministering to them. She enjoined all her servants and also the Lama to speak no word about her destination for she knew a great deal about Tibet and had learned that every sentence of the east is winged no matter what the precaution. Opportunity was quickly given, however, which made it possible for her to find a place in the hearts of some of the people of the village which lay so close to the big monastery of Kumbum.

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

As she sat talking to Bao Lama and to the Chinese woman who had served her during all her stay in China, the wife of the inn-keeper came rushing in to tell her that a caravan from northern Tibet had been attacked by a robber band and that a woman, seriously injured, was dying in a tent at the end of the street. The remote districts of China and Tibet, because the missionary doctors are great travelers, thought that every white person had the power of healing. Sylvia Lambert had learned the value of simple remedies and how to administer them. She had stood in the operating room of many of the doctors in China, where she had learned how to cleanse wounds, to keep them free from infection, and to stop the flow of blood. Taking her Chinese servant she hurried to the tent and found the woman in a serious condition. For hours she ministered to her, giving her the simple remedies which would lessen pain.

On leaving the tent she saw the sun just sinking behind the mountains that hid

## THE WORLD'S EDGE

Lhasa, the far away city of her dreams. She turned, and instead of walking in the town, went out towards the mountains. An occasional traveler journeyed towards Lushar, a caravan passed her, and then a few men riding leisurely on ponies came down the trail. At their head rode a man probably thirty-five years of age, dark of skin, and with a mouth which seemed always to smile yet which was always hard. Their eyes met long. Then he threw himself from his pony and stood staring at her with an expression in his eyes which she had never seen before in the eyes of any human being. He turned abruptly, and walking ahead of his pony strode towards the town. She had been attracted to him, not alone by his face and physique, but also because his dress marked him as a man of rank. She had seen many Tibetans of the humbler class or the gray clad Lamas, but she had never seen a chieftain dressed as was this man. He wore a gown of fine woolen cloth, red in color and trimmed with otter skin around the edges



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and around the cuffs. The soles of his boots were rawhide, and the tops were made of blue woolen broadcloth. His hair was augmented by a sufficient amount of yak hair and was plaited into a long queue, on which were enormous rings set with coral and turquoise, and wound around his head, having somewhat of the appearance of a crown, with the end of the queue dangling like a tassel at one side of his head. This was capped by a red turban. He wore a girdle with a sword sticking straight through it, the handle of which contained a coral as large as a pigeon egg. The scabbard was decorated with three large corals similar to the one on the hilt. From one side of his girdle hung his flint and steel, which was also much bedecked with silver and set with turquoise. From the other side of his girdle dangled a small case also similarly bedecked with silver. This case contained a knife for eating and a pair of ivory chop-sticks. Inside of his gown he carried the inevitable wooden bowl, silver lined. He had hanging from

## THE WORLD'S EDGE

one of his ears a long earring made of gold, in the center of which was a large coral, and at the point of which was a beautiful blue turquoise.

As Sylvia Lambert stood looking at the sinking sun she continued to think of this man so strangely dressed, different in fact from the average Tibetan she had seen, yet a man who she knew was strong in will and action. She turned and followed him as his band made its way in the distance towards Lusar. She saw him stop and talk to a man whom she had passed on her way out and who had long stood and watched her. She could tell that they were conversing about her, and then he passed on. He had stopped to ask about this white-faced woman and they had told him that she was on her way to Lhasa. The smile left his face. "To Lhasa?" he asked, "Have the gods decreed it? What is the will of the gods?"

Indifferent to these questionings and yet vaguely apprehensive, Sylvia Lambert re-

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turned to the Tibetan inn. She went to the corner where her woman had arranged for her to stay and where she was forced to tarry while her caravan was being organized to begin the long journey of many months. She found the inn crowded, for it was nearing a feast time at the lamasery and people were coming from great distances. At one of the low tables which filled one end of the room and on which supper was being served, she saw the man whose gaze had held hers on the path outside the village.

“Who is that tall man whose red garments show that he is a chieftain, seated there with a number of men about him?” she asked the Tibetan woman who served about the inn and who was related to the innkeeper.

“Ah,” the woman replied, “that man”—and she stretched her hands out, palms up, as if in greeting—“Who should know his business? To-day he dwells here, to-morrow yonder. His family has the tent of a nomad. He has flocks but whence came the money to buy them?” And then dropping her voice

## THE WORLD'S EDGE

she whispered, "A robber band attacked a caravan and you have gone to yonder tent to minister to a woman. The whisper of the street says it was the band of Lozong, Lozong the feared, Lozong the terrible, Lozong the wonderful, Lozong the just."

"From where has he come?" questioned the foreign woman again.

"Ah, some say from the lake of the blue, called Kokonor. Others say he is from this province or from that, but the fact is that since he was a lad of fifteen he has been everywhere, to Lhasa, to the edge of India, and to the north. He knows where are the rivers of golden sands. His power"—and her voice dropped to a whisper, "There are officials of Tibet, but his word is law."

By the light of the dim butter lamp they saw him talking to a surrounding group and asking questions. The men were leaning forward listening eagerly to his every word, while over his face played constantly a malevolent smile. Once she imagined that she heard in Tibetan the words "foreign



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woman." Often she heard the word "Lhasa." She watched them for a while, then dropped the improvised curtain which the Chinese woman had hung in the corner, for the woman from China had been shocked at the easy way the men and women of Tibet mingled.

The next day, following the custom of every traveler, she went to the lamasery. It was really a village in itself. There was one central building and scattered about it were numerous smaller temples and the buildings which housed the thousands of lamas who sometimes gathered there at the feast times. Because of the feast time, all of the courtyards leading to the central building—in which was the re-incarnated Buddha of whom there are several in Tibet—were filled with the tents and stands of those who had come to sell to the travelers. Her Chinese companion had previously been in Kumbum and so walked without fear, even when the cry arose that the Black

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Lamas, with their great whips, were going to clear the street of improper traffic.

The crowds jostled the two women until it was difficult to proceed. They found themselves treated with greater respect when joined by Bao Lama, who had promised to accompany her. Drawing near a group of men who were standing about one of the gambling stands she again saw the man who had stopped to look at her in the road and who had been pointed out in the inn as the robber chief Lozong. She had not seen him since the night before; and as she approached the group he turned toward her; this time she clutched at her throat, for her heart seemed to leap there, as she read the hatred and enmity in the look he gave her. Then he seemed to notice her beauty and the look of hatred changed to one of desire. For the first time Sylvia Lambert felt real fear. She turned to Bao Lama and said, "Let us go." Bao Lama was halted by a voice of command behind him. She was conscious that the robber chief was calling to him.

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Returning, Bao Lama said:

"Let us go into the inner room."

When he led her into one of the private rooms of worship she hardly saw the great idol, but turned quickly to Bao Lama.

"What did he say?" she asked. She knew intuitively that the robber chief had said something to the Lama which was to affect her future.

Bao Lama was very polite in an attempt to evade an answer, but with the directness of the Occident she questioned him.

"You need not try to hide it, I will know."

"Lozong asks why you go to Lhasa," Bao Lama replied after some hesitancy. "He wants to know if it is the will of the gods. I have told him that your government wills it. I have told him that your religion wills it. But this man whom all Tibet knows and whom all eastern Tibet fears, says you shall not go to Lhasa. He says you have no right to go. He has said this in a dozen stores. Even the street is talking. Would it not be better for you to turn back?"

## THE WORLD'S EDGE

She was positive in her declaration that she was going to Lhasa. She had known that opposition would have to be met. She could not believe that a man of such evident power would oppose her. "I will pay no heed. I have come too far and with too fixed a purpose to be turned back."

"I am a woman but I am not afraid," she added. "The gods may not will it but go and tell Lozong that Sylvia Lambert wills to go to Lhasa."



## CHAPTER II

### ROADS OF DANGER

**S**YLVIA LAMBERT moved with great speed for she realized that haste was necessary. She studied with a woman's cunning how she could outwit this man who had suddenly thrust his will against hers. After five years of preparation she would not be thwarted.

However, nothing could be accomplished secretly, and when she began to buy her camels, yaks and horses, for she had decided to use some of each, not knowing what might befall her, she was conscious that no transactions were made and that she did not go anywhere without the knowledge of Lo-zong. She saw him almost daily and at first tried to avoid him. Once she spoke to him and he replied quite civilly.

## ROADS OF DANGER

She had planned to follow the main traveled road leading from Peking to Lhasa, which messengers usually take when they go over the northern route, but after her talk with Bao Lama she decided that it might be well to practice a little oriental diplomacy. In this she was unexpectedly aided. The little caravan that had been robbed by Lo-zong's band was recovering from the attack. They worshiped before the great image of Buddha, and, without the things which they had intended to purchase with the money of which they had been robbed, organized their caravan and prepared to journey back to their homes in the region of the Kokonor.

One day she went to the little tent at the end of the street. The husbands of the woman who had been injured—for they were polyandrists—begged her to accompany their caravan on the journey home, thinking that her party might protect them. She gladly accepted their offer, and one morning when the sun came up from the plains and seas, from the distant home land that lay to

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

the east, the combined caravan started on its way.

Bao Lama rode ahead. With him were two men who were to care for the animals and two soldiers who accompanied them by the order of the official, not to afford protection, but to see that this woman paid the tribute of graft upon which eastern officials live. There was also the cook, a fearless Chinese who had drifted from the east, and her faithful Chinese woman. These composed the little party that she proposed to take with her to the Kokonor. There the other caravan would leave her. She planned that after seeing the blue of that wonderful inland sea, which is ten thousand feet above ocean level, she would slip away from the eyes of Lozong, how she did not know, and journey on to Lhasa.

The first day was to be an ever remembered one for her, for it was her first one spent in what is really Tibet. In the early morning hours the golden roof of the monastery disappeared as they journeyed up-

## ROADS OF DANGER

ward over the mountain pass. The black tents of herders could be seen here and there; during the first day the other caravan told her that they had reached the place where the robbers had attacked them. The little band seemed afraid. As they started to make camp for the night two or three Tibetans rode up on Mongolian ponies and it was whispered that they were robbers. They came to trade, they said, but they seemed to have nothing to trade and all night Sylvia Lambert lay with eyes wide open. Out of the darkness there seemed to come a thousand forms. She realized now what the protection of China had meant. She was more alone in the world than she had ever been in all her life. She remembered her boast, how she had said to her friend back in America that she wanted to be afraid; now vividly fear was upon her. As she lay wrapped in her great fur robe, she thought of Lozong and wondered where he was and if he were following her, and the question came whether it would not be wise



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to turn back from the Kokonor. Little did she know that her course was already fixed. One had said, "By the gods;" another, "It was the fates;" but at the end of the long trail she was to know that it was by the high force that rules all.

## CHAPTER III

### DO THE GODS WILL IT?

ON the morning when Sylvia Lambert with her own and its companion caravan rode out of Luser a group of men could be seen loitering about the street and in the inn. There was no evident preparation that would indicate a long journey. The tall figure of Lozong could be seen moving among the villagers and pilgrims or going across the ravine up to the great monastery on the hill. If any one stopped to speak to him it was with the greatest respect, and as he passed the people turned to look at him with both admiration and fear, and whispered many things about him. Some said he was a native of the province of Derge, others that no man knew whence he came. There were rumors that he and his brothers, who were with him here in Luser, paid alle-

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giance to several tribes. The blood of Golok, the robber tribe, flowed in his veins. He was taller than most men of the north, resembling more the Tibetan of the west. But whatever his heritage, one look into his eyes proved that his blood would lead him far and that fear was unknown to him.

The people of the street knew that he had declared that the foreign woman's caravan should not proceed to Lhasa and some even dared to ask him why he permitted it to start. For a moment he looked at the enquirers with his usual enigmatic smile.

"Horses must ever travel the path, but the eagle asks not for time nor trail."

With this reply he called together his caravan and forthwith they rode away. Besides himself there were three brothers, two horsemen, a personal servant and a Lama. The north, the east, Lhasa and far western Tibet were all represented in the group. Here were culture, knowledge, intrigue and courage.

The little caravan that started early in

## DO THE GODS WILL IT?

the morning had gone by way of Tankar and the main road, but Lozong's party rode singly and in a different direction. Those who followed it part of the way wondered where it was going, but others said, "Lozong knows the trail of the deer and the bear."

With this magnificent yet brutal figure at their head they rode constantly until dark. Then as after a day's work well done they dismounted, found grass for the horses to graze upon, made a camp fire and stacked their old guns and Lozong's modern rifle at the side of the fire. Great and small mingled in the serving of the evening meal and in the hour of talk that followed. The Lama who traveled with Lozong was called Jü Lama. He was constantly turning his hand prayer wheel to bring merit. After the meal the horses were caught and hobbled, and around the fire the men gathered for council.

Then Lozong spoke: Jü Lama ceased praying and all were attentive. For a moment Lozong bowed his head in prayer,



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repeating that variously interpreted sentence, "Om mani padme hum." He knew not the meaning of the words, but to him it was a fervent prayer. It was formalism seeking merit. Then he raised his face.

"Brothers and comrades," he said, "We go toward the Lake of Blue. Somewhere out of the East has come a woman, such a woman as I never dreamed existed, and she travels without men of her kind. They say that she has grown to womanhood without ever having been a wife. They say she is rich. You know it has not been long since the wife of our tent was killed by falling from a mountain pass. She was yours and mine." Turning to the Lama, "We implored the gods to let her stay with us," he continued, "for she was a woman who not only served well, but commanded us, and her judgment was wise. For many months no woman has been in our tent. When we stop as farmers yonder in that narrow valley, we may be compelled to live in the houses there without a woman, and now while we



#### FORDING A TIBETAN RIVER

On the broader streams of Tibet the rivers may be forded with a flat bottom boat for the travellers while yak and horses must swim. Across the swift flowing rivers reed ropes are stretched and they must be crossed hand over hand or in baskets.



#### ANOTHER LAKE OF BLUE

Fourteen thousand feet above sea level—fed by the eternal snow—is this beautiful lake of Derge one of the most picturesque in all eastern Tibet. The Kokonor is larger but not more beautiful where Sylvia Lambert visited the Dragan Colt Lamasery.



## DO THE GODS WILL IT?

are thinking of choosing another, this woman comes out of the East. Strange in color and strange in custom, when she speaks it may be hard for us to listen as the Tibetan man usually does to the Tibetan woman, but she must be ours. Then there is her wealth. No woman without wealth could buy camels and horses and pay the prices she has paid. But there are dangers. If in taking her we should injure or kill her, you know what the powers that lie outside of Tibet and China may do. When one of their people dies mysteriously in a foreign land, they want compensation, so we must be careful."

"I thought we were simply to keep her from going to Lhasa," Jü Lama spoke. "The Dalai Lama has decreed that no woman or foreigner shall enter the sacred confines of that city. Even the humblest tribesman will know that we are carrying out the will of the great Dalai Lama and of Buddha when we keep her from entering the sacred city. To rob her, ah, that is Lo-zong's privilege, to kill her, that is the exi-



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gency of the chase, but to take a woman from a strange land to your tent—have the gods willed it?”

Lozong bowed his head in deep thought for a moment and then lifted his face to Jü Lama:

“Who knows what the gods will? Is it not enough to say that Lozong wills it and that he is following Buddha?”

“Shall we ride to-night?” asked one of the attendants.

“We sleep to-night. There is no haste. Any passing bird will tell us where she is, for all of Tibet is whispering that she has started, and when the hour comes we can easily find her. Other travelers have thought that because they concealed themselves in native costume they went unannounced and unknown across Tibet, but Lozong and a thousand other men always know. She journeys to the Kokonor. When the time comes we shall find her and it will not be difficult. The winds of the Kokonor will tell us where she is. Let us sleep.”

## CHAPTER IV

### THE WATERS OF THE SKY

THE journey to the north had come to an end. A long stretch of white sand and the mountains that together border the waters of the Kokonor could be seen in the distance. Sylvia Lambert had sailed on the Mediterranean and had seen the blue lakes of Switzerland and of Canada, but now she unconsciously looked into the heavens as if expecting to find that a bit of the sky had fallen from its place. Reaching far beyond the vision, without a sail on its surface, lay this wonderful lake, around which are woven many of the traditions of Mongolia and Tibet. Some say that the gods opened a passage more than ten thousand feet deep to allow the waters of the sea to rush into the valley now covered by the lake. Others have said that on the wings of the morning,

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borne intact in a great vessel, the water was dropped on the golden sands. The sight was vastly more than she expected.

The little caravan suddenly became quiet and stood watching Sylvia Lambert, whose eyes were filled with awe as she silently stood before the wonder of the scene. "She worships the gods," they said.

"It is but one God that she worships," said the Chinese woman. "She is thanking Him for this lake."

Here beside the lake on a slope of sand they must camp for the night. The sun was late in setting, and in the deepening northern light Sylvia Lambert watched the shadows advance and recede over the surface of the lake. The desert touched it on one side and the mountains on the other. It was the season of the year when herders brought their flocks to its shores, and all through the night she heard the bleating of sheep. Above these pastoral sounds a bird called out over the lake, and from still farther away came the bark of a wild animal. She realized that

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here life, human as well as animal, was untamed, and she went to her rest praying to the Christ for direction and for protection.

Being loath to leave the beautiful lake she did not order the caravan to move for several days. At once she became interested in the island which the natives called "Dragon Colts' Island" which was in plain view and on which was a picturesque monastery. She longed to explore it. There were no native boats on Kokonor, but in the equipment brought with her across China was a collapsible canoe. The Chinese woman protested, however, when she spoke of her intention to visit the island, saying that the Lamas and the people would not permit it.

"It is against tradition to go there," she said, "because the gods have decreed that no boat shall sail upon the lake."

Sylvia Lambert was careful not to ridicule the customs of the people.

"But I am only going on a trip of investigation," she said. "If people can journey



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there when the ice is on the lake, why cannot I go there now?"

"That is surely true," said Bao Lama.

The trip was undertaken when there was no wind. With the stroke of an expert, Sylvia Lambert sped across the sky-blue waters to the island. Tradition said that it had direct connection with Lhasa through an underground passage. Others said that a great bird dropped it into the lake when the country was in danger of being submerged. Still others said that in winter thousands of wild mares were turned loose and that the colts of dragons were there. Strangest of all it was related that in the monastery were paintings interpretive of the home life of the gods. It was these that she most desired to see.

As she approached the island a group of men stood out on the promontory at the entrance to the temple, every one a Lama. They wondered at the daring of anyone who would undertake to cross to the island, and

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when she stood up and they saw it was a woman, they asked, "What means this?"

Adroitly she brought the little canoe close to the rock that jutted out from the lamasery.

"I come with a message not from Buddha, she said, "but, to you who are messengers of Buddha, from the one known God."

The old abbot looked upon her for a moment and then said to the Lamas about him.

"No harm can come from receiving her, for Buddha himself once came as a stranger. Who knows what message she may bring?"

As she sat alone with the priests in the temple she thought of the desire she had so often expressed for adventure, and realized that it was now being fulfilled. The Lamas conducted her to the paintings on the walls when she intimated that she wanted to see them. She, who had made a comprehensive study of art, marvelled at the longing, the daring, and at times at the obscenity, that was there pictured.

In order to reach the camp before dark

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she left the monastery quite early, saying that she would come again.

"You have come once," said the old abbot, "and we have welcomed a stranger. Perhaps Buddha is not displeased with a single coming, but you must not come again."

Upon reaching the camp she found that the people with whom she had traveled to the north were anxious to continue their journey; so the next morning, with what would have seemed an inexpressive farewell to people of the Occident, but which was sufficiently expressive for people of the Orient, they parted.

The remaining days of her sojourn at the lake were occupied with the search for guides. Finally two old men were procured. Boots like those which are worn in that strange country, and which meant more than money to them, were offered them and one said he would guide the caravan for three days—but to Lhasa, never.

"Many have gone to Lhasa, but, ah, the dangers!" he said.

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And then, after the manner of old men, no matter what the race or tribe, he advised her to turn back. "The road is open to Lusar and to Peking," he went on. "But even for the Tibetan and for the eagle the road to Lhasa is hard. A few days we will journey and then we shall see."

The next morning camp was broken and the journey towards Lhasa begun.



## CHAPTER V

### THE HAND OF POWER

GOING west from Kokonor the little caravan rode through a margin of low hills of sandstone, from which at intervals small streams ran down into the lake. They came to a valley five or six miles wide through which flowed the wild Yak River. At that season of the year the river was not very wide and could be crossed with little difficulty. The mountains, rising fifteen hundred feet, were covered with stunted cedar and juniper trees. They were traveling in the direction of the capital, Dulan Kuo. The animals were feeling the weight of their burdens, for the road was hard, but pushed steadily on. At dusk they came to a sheltered place by the river, where they camped for the night.

A dread hung over the woman who was

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daring so much. Vague fears oppressed her. What would be her fate? Would she ever reach Lhasa? What dangers were coming upon her out of the night? The old man guiding them to Dulan Kuo had said to her at noon, "You should have turned back."

She had just closed her eyes in slumber when she was aroused by the sound of the animals moving about and then the cry of one of her men. In the confusion that followed she heard a voice that made her heart stand still, for in that strange mixture of language of the east and west the voice of Lozong could be easily recognized. Her men cried out that it was a foreign caravan and they should be treated as guests but the voice in the darkness repeated, "You have desecrated the Lake of Blue and for that the gods demand you should pay."

"Kill when it is necessary," was the command. "Save yourselves. Hurt not the women, but capture them."

One of the men of her caravan had also recognized Lozong's voice, and swore ven-

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geance against him. Underneath the fold of the tent, which was inky in its darkness, came a flash. There was a smothered exclamation and the sound of a fall. At the first Sylvia was too terrified to move, believing they came only to rob. With the report of the gun she was all awake and desperate. Moving rapidly to the edge of the tent she rolled under its sides and, raising herself to her feet, started to run. She had gone but a few feet when strong arms encircled her. She fought with every ounce of strength but was soon borne to the ground. A band was drawn about her head so she could not cry out, and she heard a voice in the darkness say, "I have her."

There were long minutes of the utmost confusion during which she could hear the resistance of her men, who she had not imagined would risk so much to defend her. Now and then there was the flash of a gun or a revolver, followed by a cry, a groan and a gasp. She felt herself bound hands and feet, thrown on a pony and tied fast so that

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she could not move, and hurried away. The men were talking about someone who had been wounded. Not hearing again the voice of Lozong, she wondered where he could be. The hatred in her soul surprised her.

After they had ridden for what seemed to her a considerable period of time a camp was made, and a horse came out of the darkness bearing a drooping and apparently lifeless figure. They laid him beside the fire that had been started. It was Lozong. As he lay stretched out beside the fire she could but admire his physique.

One of the younger brothers spoke to her.

"It is said that you know how to treat the wounded, that in Lusar you cared for a woman who was hurt while resisting robbers. Our brother and our chief is injured. Heal him and you will be rewarded."

By the flickering camp-fire, a captive in that far country at the top of the world, Sylvia Lambert looked at the man with scorn.

"I will help him not because of what may



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come later, but because he is injured, as of course I would help anyone who needed help no matter what he had done to me," she reasoned with herself.

Lozong was injured both in the head and shoulder.

When they bared his shoulder she found that it was a serious wound. Her medicines, with the exception of those carried in a little bag at her side, had been scattered. They brought up some of the things that had been captured from her tent and among them she found her bandages. After heating water in a crude basin the wound was cleansed and dressed, then she was allowed to rest. Her Chinese woman was released from somewhere out in the darkness and crept close to Sylvia, and soon they let themselves relax in sleep.

When morning came Lozong, it seemed, had not returned to consciousness, and while re-dressing his wound and touching his strong, sinewy body, she looked upon the face that had now lost its smile, and pitied

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him. She found herself forming a mental image of this splendid animal had he been educated and trained to move in the courts of men. Slowly he opened his eyes and for a long time gazed steadily at her.

"Ah," he said at last, "the hand of one of your followers has wounded me."

"Yes, that is so," she answered, "and it is a serious wound."

"Ah, what matters it? If this is the end, let it come. Whatever the gods will must be."

She made no reply but continued her work of ministration. There was no wincing under the pain. Once he seemed to lose consciousness again for a moment, and then, opening his eyes, looked into her face.

"Strange, indeed, are your ways," he said. "I have destroyed your camp—you are my prisoner, yet you minister to me. Sometime when the heel might be heavy, it will be lightened because you have helped."

Jü Lama turned his prayer wheel; and the lips of Lozong, scarcely moving, murmured,

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"Om mani padme hum." Bao Lama, who had been with her, and the soldiers and her attendants had all been killed or had fled in the night and she never saw them again.

During the day following the capture the Tibetan chieftain was much of the time unconscious. In his delirium he often repeated his avowal that this foreign woman should not go to Lhasa.

They were camped close beside a stream, a tributary of the Yak. It seemed to Sylvia Lambert that they were at one of the farthest reaches of the world. A black tent, smaller than those which usually sheltered the nomadic tribes, protected them from the winds. As night approached the mountains, rearing high about her, the wonderful blue of the heavens, and the silence, broken only by the cry of the wild, drew her thoughts away from herself to the immense majesty of earth forms and the wide serenity of the heavens. Sitting at the door of the tent and looking out over the shadowy trees and mountains she understood why

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these people were so inherently devout even though they knew nothing at all of what to her was the true religion.

The sick chieftain was still unconscious. Jü Lama and the brothers were praying near him.

"Lozong must not die," they murmured. Every remedy they knew had been given him. The brother next to Lozong in rank came to her and asked:

"Is there not something more that you can do for our brother?"

"I have done all I know. Only a foreign physician can help him now," she answered. "Is there not one near?"

The last missionary doctor they had seen in China, just before entering Tibet, was now many days to the east, and she knew that in his condition Lozong could not be carried so far nor could he live long enough to receive help from there.

To her question as to whether a foreign doctor could be reached, "Oh, yes," the brother answered, "Have you traveled in



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Tibet and not heard of his fame? His skin is white like yours and he came from your country. He is a big man, bigger than Lo-zong, and his eyes are a wonderful blue. Ah, the sky itself is not so blue. They are like the Kokonor."

The stoical expression left his face for a moment, and he smiled.

"Ah, that you could hear him laugh! I have pretended to be sick and have gone to his hospital just to hear him laugh. The Governor of the Province sometimes pretends sickness that this big foreigner may come and laugh in his presence."

"How far away is he?"

"Two days to the south and one to the west. Turn your back to the star yonder in the north, travel two days directly against it, and then turn to the right hand for a day's march, and in the eventide you will come to him."

"Why do you not send for him?" she queried.

"Ah, we cannot as long as you are in our

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tent. Lozong himself has said that never must the doctor know that you are here or the blue of his eye will turn to the color of musket steel and his laughter will sound louder than the thunder's roar."

Sylvia Lambert asked no more questions.

"We must rest," she said.

Once in the tent she spoke quietly to her woman in Chinese.

"Two days to the south and one to the west is a white man. To-night we shall seek him."

The Chinese woman shuddered.

"Do you not hear the cries of wild animals? Are you not afraid to go?"

"Would not the animals that cannot talk and that move not with the passions of men be better companions than these?"

They waited until the occupants of the tent were asleep, then rose quietly to slip away. For a moment she stood beside the unconscious chieftain, and breathed a prayer that he might not die, though in her heart she hoped that she would never see him

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again. Then with her Chinese companion she crept out into the night. They had hidden enough tea and tsamba about them to last three days. One of the sleeping men stirred slightly as a stone turned under their feet, but they moved on without further disturbing the sleepers.

Sylvia Lambert scanned the heavens until her eye caught the star that every traveler seeks, and then whispered softly:

“Two days with your back to the star of the north and one day following the right hand, and you will find a man with a face like yours and a laugh that men travel days to hear.”

## CHAPTER VI

### THE REAL PIONEER

**S**HORTLY before Sylvia Lambert decided to go to Lhasa a young man who had been reared in the western part of America, graduated from a medical school. John Raymond was a typical self-made man. He had worked on the plains and had climbed the mountains, and had experienced hunger. Fighting the battle of existence itself he never lost the ideals which his mother had inspired in him to use his best talents for his self-advancement. He had envied the country doctor in that western state who rode far and continually to minister to the needs of the people of the plains and the mountains. He had often talked with this good doctor, who always urged him to prepare himself for a useful service. He went



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to school in the winter and studied and worked while others loitered.

In the little town in which he lived he followed the simple religion of his mother, and carried her Christian training throughout his college course. One day he heard a woman tell the students the story of an attempted entrance into Tibet, and of how much the people in that land needed the gospel of Christ.

John Raymond understood the language of need. His colleagues in the medical school were looking for locations, but here was a land of thousands of people without a doctor, where disease was rife and where they did not understand even the simplest methods of healing.

John Raymond volunteered to go to Tibet as a missionary doctor. He was unmarried, in fact, he did not know a great deal about women. He had never chummed with girls as did the other college boys, for his time had been given entirely to study and to the battle of providing for himself.

## THE REAL PIONEER

He went directly to the little Tibetan town nestled in the mountains and bought a flat-roofed house of two stories and there began his work. At first the Lamas and the people opposed him, but the need of his ministry grew with every passing day—for it was a twenty-five days' journey to the nearest doctor out on the plains of China—and they soon forgot their animosity.

Plain in his tastes, simple in his expression of religion, fearless in his manhood, and a worker who seemed never to know fatigue, he made an ideal pioneer. Every robber chief in eastern Tibet knew him and admired him. At first Lozong had opposed him, but one day the keen edge of an enemy's knife slipped across an artery and down into the joints of a bone, and Lozong had been saved only by the most heroic surgery and skill, which the doctors at home would have called spectacular. When the doctor learned who he was, he condemned his actions. They were friends at heart, each in the knowledge

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of the other's power and strength, but enemies in every social relationship.

The Tibetans looked upon the doctor as almost a god. His medicines were famed, but better known was the Celtic laugh with which he captivated those who came to know him.

It was in the midst of one of his daily dispensaries, to which people came with sore legs, smallpox, broken arms and diseased eyes, that a soldier connected with the Chinese official who was supposed to preside over the district, came to him as he stood over one of his patients.

"Have you heard that Lozong has been shot?" he asked.

"No," answered John Raymond, turning instantly, for he had hoped that some day he could win Lozong from the life he lived. "Why was he shot?"

"A white woman, a woman of your country, was journeying alone to Lhasa. He and his band robbed her caravan and one of her attendants shot him. The caravan

## THE REAL PIONEER

was captured and all of her attendants, save a single Chinese woman, were killed or escaped. Rumor says that since then she has been ministering to Lozong in his tent."

John Raymond's face grew serious, and, as Lozong had said, his eyes turned to the color of gun steel. Almost unconsciously he reached for the wash basin and cleansed his hands. He called for his horseman.

"Where are they?" he inquired, as he turned to the soldier.

"A day to the east and two days and a little more to the north, somewhere near the beginnings of the Yellow River."

When the horseman came the doctor's directions were simple.

"Take a pack horse with as much simple food as you can carry, for we will be gone nine or ten days. You and I ride alone."

The soldier waited until John Raymond was mounted. His instructions to his assistants were simple.

"Carry on the work," he said.



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As he rode out the soldier remarked:

“Ah, it is truly the bird that flies which he seeks, the eagle that travels only the mountain heights.”

## CHAPTER VII

### ALONE

**S**YLVIA LAMBERT and her Chinese companion traveled as swiftly as they could, under cover of darkness, and when the light of day approached they hid away in the mountain recesses close by the side of a little stream, under a great sheltering rock. They lay hidden all day, and once they thought they heard voices and a shot.

On the second night Sylvia found the road difficult. It was raining hard and steadily. Every bone in her body ached, and her eyes pained her so that she felt it almost impossible to go on. The path was so narrow, the going was so difficult, that she wondered why she had ever attempted to escape, but the word of the man in the tent haunted her. "Two days to the south and one to the west is a white man." As she staggered on, fol-

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lowing the Chinese woman who was now leading the way and who showed a marvelous courage, she wondered if that was to be the end. No one would know. The only thing that her friends would ever hear would be that she had disappeared a day or two after leaving the Kokonor, for she had sent letters back from the Kokonor which would no doubt reach them. They had been traveling half of the night when they came to a valley in which were some deserted buildings, the ruins of an old lamasery. Sylvia could go no farther. She who had urged others to push on had to stop because her body refused to answer to the driving cry of her heart. They crept into the ruins wondering what awaited them. Something slunk out into the night, but they had lost their fear of animals. The Chinese woman took some of her own clothing to make a bed for Sylvia, who was now conscious of a violent fever and that her temperature was steadily rising. The Chinese woman became frantic.

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"What does it mean," she asked. "Why is it that she is ill?"

All the next day the fever raged. She took some of her remedies but grew steadily worse. As night approached the Chinese woman decided that her mistress must have help and told her that she was going for a doctor. Slipping out from the walls of the ruins, and down into the valley, she found a black tent that was pitched besides a stream, where a band of nomads watched their flocks. She told them that her companion, another Chinese woman, was ill. Even her slow mind reasoned that information about the white woman would travel on the winds and put them again in danger of capture by Lozong's band.

"Ah, how fortunate it is that we have in our tent a famed Lama who knows healing," they said. "He will go with you."

These people believed in this Tibetan Lama though he had studied in Lhasa for only two brief months, for he carried with him a flask containing a remedy in which



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certain Tibetans had great faith, a flask of elephant's milk, and he knew how to heal by charms, tsamba images, the beating of drums and all the mysterious methods of prayer.

When he came to the crude bed where the sick woman lay, the Chinese woman tried to cover the white face as much as possible. He asked where the pain was located, and when told that it was a fever, he became exultant.

"Ah," he said, "I can cure her, for if that which I have here does not help, I can heat a knife blade and put it on her spine and into the flesh, and that will surely let out the fever."

He looked at the hand of his patient and then at her neck.

"Her skin is strange, from what part of China does this woman come?" he asked the woman.

She was now more anxious than ever to conceal her mistress's identity, so she claimed that the sick one was her sister from near the northern coast of China.

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This Lama remained with them for several hours, continually prophesying that the fever would subside, but the patient was no better when he finally left them to return to the tent of the nomads.

Looking from the door of the ruined lamasery, the Chinese woman saw a Tibetan measuring his length on the road. He was dressed with a leather apron and had wooden mittens on his hands. He was a religious pilgrim traveling in this way to Lhasa, for he believed that blessing would come to him if he would repeatedly prostrate himself in the dust. It would require many months to reach Lhasa in this way, but Buddha would then give him a place of eternal peace.

Hoping that she might enlist his help, the Chinese woman called to him as he lay prostrated on the road, and told him that her sister was sick and probably dying.

"I have had the healing Lama from the tent yonder, but he has not helped her. There is a foreigner about a day and a half

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

away who I am sure could save her. Have you heard of him?"

"Ah," answered the pilgrim, turning his face towards Lhasa, "Who has not heard of him? He preaches of a strange god, but the gentleness of his hand and the miracle of his healing are known to everyone in Eastern Tibet."

"Won't you go to him and bring him here," implored the woman.

"If I should go it would take me off the road to Lhasa," he replied.

"Think of the blessing that would come to you? I am sure that Buddha would approve of your doing this act of mercy. 'Mercy, Mercy,' is the prayer of our priests in China and so it is in Thibet. Then will you not go? For I will pay you with silver and Buddha will surely give you a reward."

"Yes, I will go and bring him. I will tell him that a Chinese woman is sick."

"Aye, tell him more than that. Tell him that a woman with a skin like his own is ill," she replied.

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After again prostrating himself at full length in the dust the Tibetan, clad in the coarsest of clothes, carrying nothing but a little sack thrown on the end of a stick over his shoulder, started on his journey in search of the doctor.

"I will go and bring him," he said, "I will tell him that in this valley there is one with a skin like his own, and a Chinese woman who worships Buddha, and that the one of his kind is ill unto death and that he must come."



## CHAPTER VIII

"I WILL FIND HIM"

A DAY to the east and two days to the north meant only a day and a half to John Raymond, for he rode hard and fast. Darkness and the uncertainty of the trail held no terrors for him. As a boy he had slept under the stars on the plains and among the mountains, and here in this far country he was not unused to doing the same thing. He rode so hard and fast that his horseman was left behind. He had been riding several hours when he noticed a pilgrim prostrating himself on the road. This had become a familiar sight, for he had passed several of them during the morning. When the man arose he looked long and steadily at the horseman who was riding more rapidly than the average traveler. Only the carrier of imperial messages rode so fast, but this

## “I WILL FIND HIM”

was no imperial messenger for no bells were hung at his horse's head or saddle. Finally convinced that this was the doctor he ran up to him. “Over the mountain yonder there are two women,” he said: “One Chinese and one who they say has skin that is white,” and he pointed in the opposite direction from that towards which the doctor was traveling. “They are in a ruined lamasery down in the valley where your fame is great.”

Doctor Raymond looked searchingly at the man wondering if he were telling the truth. People all along the road had implored him to stop and turn into their tents, and he took this as the usual invitation. He wondered whether this woman could be the one whom he sought, but his answer was direct and emphatic.

“No, she is in the tent of Lozong, and when anyone comes under that hard hand, there is no chance of escape. She must still be in his tent.”

“Ah, I know,” he said to himself exultingly, “they are trying to lure me from the

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trail, for the winds of the mountains have told Lozong that I am going to her and he is trying to ensnare me from the path." His face was hard.

"I will find Lozong," he decided, and, with an abruptness that was unusual, left the Tibetan standing in the road.

"I will find Lozong," he again said as he rode on, "no matter where he may be in these hills. Someone whom I have helped or someone who fears him will tell me where he is."

Towards evening he came to a group of tents and was hailed by an old man and woman who came out when they heard that the foreign doctor was passing.

"Ah," they said, prostrating themselves before him, "long we have waited to meet you, for our only son was cured by your ministrations and we owe you a debt that no man can pay."

Raymond recognized the son as a young man who had been in his hospital some months before suffering from a tumor.

## "I WILL FIND HIM"

They wanted to know where the doctor was going.

"Oh, over the hills to treat a patient," he answered. But a little later when they sat alone he said:

"My friends, you have said that you want to repay me. There is one way you can do so, and I shall then be in your debt rather than you in mine."

"You need not ask it," answered the son at once. "We know that you seek the tent of Lozong. When I left your hospital I swore to you that if I could ever serve you I would, and I thank Buddha that the hour has come when I can do it. Sleep for an hour or two and then I will take you to the path where at daylight you can stalk into the tent of Lozong."

John Raymond rested for a while until a gentle hand was placed on his shoulder. It was the son of the tent who had come to awaken him. Quietly stealing out they rode by a narrow path across the mountains, and at times found their way over what seemed

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a trackless waste. In the early morning they came to a narrow gorge through which flowed a swift stream. They were forced to dismount. The horse swam the stream with great difficulty, and the men crossed hand over hand on the great reed rope that was stretched across the chasm for this purpose. After they had crossed his guide stood close to him motioning with his head.

"Yonder in the distance, just on the rise of the hill, do you see a tent? Ride there and you will find Lozong. Rumor has it that there is a white woman in his tent."

The doctor looked long into the face of his guide, and then lifting his hands palms up, Tibetan fashion, said:

"I shall always be grateful. Any time that you or yours are ill, send word to the little hospital beside the Dretchu and I will come to you."

"Shall I not go with you to the tent?"

"No," said the doctor, "Why should the curse of Lozong be forever on your clan? It is not necessary. 'This is my fight.'"



## "I WILL FIND HIM"

Mounting his horse, John Raymond started towards the tent of Lozong.

He rode swiftly so that his coming would not be anticipated. He found Jü Lama turning his prayer-wheel and prostrating himself toward Lhasa. Reaching the door of the tent the doctor quickly dismounted. One of the younger brothers came out. The greeting was abrupt.

"Where is Lozong?" the doctor asked.

The brother hesitated only for a moment.

"Lozong is ill. We are glad you have come."

Sternness left the face of John Raymond for a moment and he laughed heartily.

"Ah, you are glad I have come. Perhaps there is another in your tent who is also glad, but it is not Lozong."

A voice from within called.

"Throw back the folds of the tent. Let the doctor view every corner. What are these fanciful and mysterious words that he speaks?"

The yak hides which made the tent were

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instantly thrown back and Raymond's eyes swept every corner of it. He saw at once that they had not been surprised. Where were they hiding her?

He stood over Lozong, who showed decidedly the effects of his suffering. They looked at each other searchingly before John Raymond spoke.

"Lozong, where is she?"

"Where is who?"

"Do not play, Lozong. We are men from the ends of the earth, but we are men. Where is the white woman whom you robbed and captured?"

The three brothers, the attendants and Jü Lama had all gathered about him. He stood, a lone figure, defying the man whom all Tibet feared. He was not armed, for he had always declared, "When I hunt wild animals I shall go armed, but otherwise the reputation of the service which I render men shall protect me."

A casual observer would have said that these men were most unlike, but they were



**THE NOMAD'S TENT WHERE DR. RAYMOND FOUND HIS FRIEND**

There nomads always follow grass with their tents and cattle. As the snow recedes in the Summer they go higher up and as Winter comes on they seek the lower valleys away from the snow. In these brown tents John Raymond ministered to the many.



**THE DOCTOR SEEKING  
THE TRAIL OF LOZONG**

Far above the timber line the Tibetan robber or traveler find their way through rocky wastes and barren places.



## "I WILL FIND HIM"

not. If Lozong had tested his young strength on the western plains of America and if John Raymond had fought his battle of existence in the heights of this far country of Tibet, each might easily have taken the other's place. Both were made for the wilds, but environment, training and religion had fixed their courses. One lived; because he was civilized, to conquer and preserve by service; the other because he was a man of the wilds, to conquer and destroy by force.

John Raymond spoke again:

"Where is the white woman, Lozong? You must tell me. You have hidden her because someone told you that I was coming. Were it not for me, you would be dead, and as I catch the stench of your wounds I believe death is not far away unless I again minister to you. Have you no heart of gratitude? Tell me where she is."

The cynical smile that Sylvia Lambert had noticed when she first saw Lozong came to his face now.



## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

"Doctor Raymond," he said, "your reputation as a man of judgment and justice has gone everywhere in Tibet. You know that I am a robber. All Tibet knows what roads I travel. I honor you because you are the one man in Tibet whose blood is not pale though your skin is white. You are the one man whose courage is like that of the bear. No, Doctor Raymond, Lozong knows too much to rob a white man or to capture a woman of another race. Had I done so, we would also have killed her."

The doctor's nerves became tense. While denying, was Lozong confessing the fate of this woman whom he had come to rescue?

He continued in his denial, but John Raymond ceased to listen.

"Lozong," he finally said, "once your life was in my hands. When death would have taken you I saved you. Bare your shoulder."

He pulled aside the heavy garment, and the bandages that had come from the pack of the foreign woman were revealed to him.

## “I WILL FIND HIM”

Without a word the doctor threw back his head and laughed. Lozong looked defeated, for he had forgotten the bandages, which proved without doubt that he had been treated by one who was familiar with foreign medicine.

When the doctor had laid the bandages back from the wound he stood aghast. Such an injury would have ended the life of a man less strong. With the greatest care, almost as if attending a friend, he ministered to the wounded man from the little medicine case swung at his side, and tarried all the day in the tent, hoping that the silent lips might, from gratitude, speak. But Lozong remained silent. When the doctor was about to leave Lozong turned and said to him:

“Lozong in all his life has sought but few friends. Twice you have saved my life. I know that it was not the prayers of the Lama or the mysteries of Tibetan medicine that saved me. It was your skill. Sometime I will pay this debt to you. If others shall attempt to drive you from Tibet as they have

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

threatened, count on Lozong, but now go back to your hospital and forget that you have heard that there is a foreign woman. Every evidence that makes you believe it is a lie."

Raymond laughed. His patient watched him. "I would carry a gash like this in my shoulder for a month to hear you laugh," he remarked.

"Lozong," said John Raymond, "Where is the white woman? Did you murder her? Have you hidden her in the hills, or did the pilgrim on the road to Lhasa speak the truth when he said that she was hiding in the abandoned monastery?"

Lozong was instantly alert.

"What did you say?"

The doctor realized at once that he had said too much.

"Ah, Lozong," he said, "perhaps she has escaped. Do you think I would tarry here if she had?"

"No, I don't think you would," was the answer.

## "I WILL FIND HIM"

"She is hidden somewhere. Where is she, Lozong?"

"In the imagination of a man who came from a country where they say men have no imaginations," said Lozong.

Helpless, vexed and hopeless the doctor rode away.

## CHAPTER IX

### CAPTURED AGAIN

**D**R. RAYMOND rode from the tent of Lozong determined either to find the pilgrim whose word he had disregarded or to seek the ruined lamasery of which he had been told. He was only out of earshot when Lozong, who had been unconscious and weak for days, arose. In a tone which his companions well knew, he commanded,

“Drop the tent. Make the horses ready. He will go by the trail, we must go by the pass. In a single word he revealed to us where she is. Old Babum is the only ruined monastery between here and the hospital. She is hidden in the ruined lamasery of old Babum. There she is ill, very ill. Let us go.”

The brother who was next to Lozong in



## CAPTURED AGAIN

command, protested, urging that he was not well enough to travel.

"Rest and capture her later," he advised.

"Let that white doctor once get his hand upon her and the Dalai Lama himself could not wrest her from him. His grip is stronger than the grip of any bear. He is off the trail now. He thinks we do not have her. Where he rides one mile we ride three, and she will be ours."

His courage and purpose were impressed upon those who watched him as he aroused himself for the ride. Although evidently suffering intense pain he threw himself upon his horse and turned its head towards the ruined lamasery where Sylvia Lambert was hiding. The doctor was following the trail by which he had come while Lozong and his party rode across unbeaten ways headed for the ruins known as old Babum, for a new monastery of Babum was not far beyond.

The sick woman had grown worse during the first few hours after the pilgrim had gone for the doctor, and then the fever had

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

abated for a while. She lay wondering whether he would return with the doctor, when she heard the sound of horses approaching. A great fear took possession of her when, a moment later, staggering with weakness, Lozong walked through the broken door. She was in the only room of the monastery where the roof had remained intact. Broken idols were everywhere as were torn prayer flags. For a time he stood looking at her with the cynical smile which she knew so well. His piercing eyes looked into hers, but when he saw she was ill a seeming tenderness crept into his expression.

She reached out her hand to him imploringly.

"You were sick and I helped you," she said. "Now I am sick. Won't you help me?"

Lozong raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders.

"I will give you anything that Eastern Tibet holds but one. You need not ask for

## CAPTURED AGAIN

the foreign doctor, for ever we shall hide you from him. If he should come it would not be as a doctor but as an enemy to our clan. You are sick and perhaps I ought not to say this to you now, but you must know that if ever you leave this tent again life will lift itself beyond the mountains, and the woman you are shall be no more. You might as well know it now, you were not captured for your money. You are to be the wife of our tent. I hear that in your land one man has one wife, and in other lands one man had many wives, but in Tibet brothers may have one wife. You are to be the wife of our family. In Tibet the woman rules the tent. Our wife is dead. Her ashes sleep in a valley in the Province of Derge. Your word will be our law when you are ours. A man chooses a woman in Tibet and then steals her. We have chosen you and stolen you. Your fate is settled."

Words cannot describe the terror that filled her heart. This man was not proposing that she should be his for an hour, but

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

that she should dwell with him always and become one of them. She swooned and upon regaining consciousness found Lozong still close beside her.

"Do not speak now," he commanded. "I was wrong to intimate at this time that which would shock you."

"But you must know," she moaned, "that I cannot do what you propose. You are strong, you kill because your code admits death, but I know that you do not mean this. I know that you will not make me do that which is strange to my race and belief and even the thought of which nearly kills me. You kill, because it is a part of the chase, but would you who are strong hurt a woman?"

He seemed to be studying her as he answered.

"Your language is strange. Your race is different from mine. Our women rule but they do not plead."

"I am sick," she replied. "Somehow I

## CAPTURED AGAIN

feel that it will be solved in a way which we know not. Please wait."

Lozong hesitated.

"Some time we will talk again," he said.



## CHAPTER X

### WITHIN LAMASERY WALLS

LOZONG'S talk with his captive revealed to him how ill she was, for she again became unconscious and was at times delirious. The Chinese woman who had been so faithful came to Lozong and stood before him. She was in the fury that only the women of China can attain.

"Everywhere we have gone men have told us that you are powerful but that you are just. This woman cannot be healed by yak's milk or by any of the methods of healing which have been used. It will require the touch of a foreign hand and the miracle of foreign medicine to bring about her healing. I implore you to take her to the doctor."

The same cynical smile played on Lozong's lips as he shrugged his shoulders.

## WITHIN LAMASERY WALLS

"You ask the impossible. This fever may burn the last drop of blood in her veins, but the foreign doctor's hands shall never touch her. I will do everything that is possible, but you ask the impossible."

"It is not impossible for you to be just," railed the Chinese woman.

Lozong was silent for a long time before he answered,

"Your interpretation of justice is different than mine. I will tell you what we are going to do. We are going to take her to the lamasery and there they will heal her."

Jü Lama, who had been within hearing distance, hanging up prayer flags upon each of which was written the mysterious prayer, "Om mani padme hum," and who had been writing it on the rocks of the ruined lamasery where it had not been written before, came to Lozong.

"Your plan is wise," he said, "but you cannot take this woman to the lamasery across the valley, because the abbot will allow no woman to enter its doors. It is the

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

Yellow Cap sect. Farther to the south, however, the priests are not so particular. Women come and go there. The abbot of the one across the valley is known for his uprightness, the other for his liberality."

"Then we will take her to the lamasery to the south, we will take her to New Babum," answered Lozong.

As they talked the sick woman stirred. The Chinese woman instantly leaned over her.

"I want Lozong," she said.

He came and stood beside her.

"Once I feared you more than any wild animal," she told him, "for I had not then talked with you, but even in that hour I bandaged your wounds because you were in need of help. Now I am in dire distress, and but a few hours away is one who can cure me. I beg of you to take me to him. We sent for him but evidently the messenger did not reach him."

The expression on Lozong's face revealed

## WITHIN LAMASERY WALLS

that he already knew what she was telling him.

"Ah," she said, "you have turned him off the trail."

"Yes," he answered, "I shall be honest with you. He sought you in my tent. Soon he will ride to this very place and for that reason we must move you so that he cannot find you. You do not understand. Even though we are powerful we may yet have cause to fear our enemies. I admire the doctor when he laughs. He takes bitterness and sorrow out of my heart and I am merciful for many days after. If you could hear him laugh you would be well, but when his eyes are hard, even Lozong fears him."

"Oh, you must take me to him," she pleaded.

Lozong hesitated.

"The pleadings of one to whom I owe a great deal are the hardest to refuse. I am Chief, and Tibet fears me. It is not self praise when I say that my brain planned these many things. But my brothers also

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have a voice. The older brother cannot disregard the rights of the others, and so if we were to send for the doctor the younger brothers would question our action. Jü Lama says you can be cured yonder at the Red Cap lamasery across the mountains; not at the Yellow Cap across the valley, for no woman can enter there. I shall see to it that your health is restored, but in my own way."

"Is there no promise that I can make to you that would induce you to send for the doctor?" asked the sick woman.

"No," returned the chief. "I know that in your fear of me nothing would keep you from speaking to him and imploring him to help you, and I know him."

Lozong knew that it was necessary to move rapidly or the doctor would be upon them. True, he would come alone and unarmed; a knife or a bullet would silence him forever, but a clear eye, a low spoken voice, and a courage that agitates not were a sure protection against Lozong, surer than the



## WITHIN LAMASERY WALLS

bullet or an army. It was the look from the doctor's eyes that Lozong feared.

With Sylvia Lambert on the saddle before him Lozong rode down the narrow confines of the valley, towards the lamasery of the Red-capped Lamas. The brothers and the servant followed behind. As they turned abruptly over a mountain pass the lamasery appeared in view. Hanging alone on the cliff, it seemed inaccessible, as are most of the lamaseries of Tibet. This one with its hundred priests was noted for the form and profuseness of its ceremonies, the ability of its Lamas in art, and the grotesqueness of its butter feasts.

There seemed to be no road leading to it, but Lozong turned his horse sharply to the left, and, stopping at a door in a cave, rapped long and loud. A priest stood out on the point of a great rock, glanced at them, and the door was opened. The horsemen rode in.

The interior of a Tibetan lamasery is different from and yet strikingly similar to

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

Buddhist temples the world over. Japan's temples are more ornate, China's more dirty, but in Tibet every conceivable form of Buddhism finds expression not in a single great room, as in other countries, but in numerous rooms and shrines. The Lamas of this temple belonged to the Red Cap sect. Many of them had entered at an early age and were versed in all of its forms.

Lozong's party rode directly to the room which was always reserved for their leader. The priests were turning their prayer wheels, and flags bearing the magic prayer floated about everywhere. As they entered the inner court and it was voiced about that Lozong had a white woman with him, the murmuring of the priests ceased and the shaven-headed, gray-garbed group pressed into the little room.

"Why does a woman come here?"  
"Whom has Lozong brought this time?"  
"Why does he come this way?" were their comments.

Seeming to disregard them, he ordered a

## WITHIN LAMASERY WALLS

bed to be made quickly for the sick woman. Jü Lama, who had accompanied his party, came to him and asked,

“Whom shall we want?”

Then Lozong looked around and seemed for the first time to realize the presence of the group of Lamas who had followed them into the room.

“Two,” he answered. “The abbot and the healing Lama of the temple.”

In an instant the room was cleared. The abbot came accompanied by several attendants. Lozong’s order was explicit and definite.

“Kembul,” he said, addressing the abbot by his title, which is always given an abbot, “this white woman has set her face to Lhasa. I felt that it was the will of Buddha to stop her. Her caravan has been scattered and killed and now she is ill. I do not want her to die. There are reasons that I need not mention to you. Will you save her?”

It did not take the abbot long to answer.

“If it is the will of the gods that she should

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

live, life will be hers. I will send the healing Lama."

The healing Lama came. After looking at her intently for a long time, he said,

"Ah, it is easy to know what troubles her. She is possessed of a devil, who has allowed her to proceed this far, and who will destroy her if she persists. Only a devil could have given her the desire to go to Lhasa. If it is destroyed consciousness will return."

Going to the door he called an attendant.

"Go," he said, "and bring the clay and tsamba worker and the artists of the temple."

In a little while a figure of clay supposed to represent the sick woman, was brought in. Many-flamed butter lamps were placed around it. The air was heavy with incense. Score of Lamas began a weird ceremony in which they implored the evil one to leave her body and prayed Buddha to turn her from her purpose to go to Lhasa and send her out of Tibet. When they came to this point in the ceremony Lozong interrupted.



## WITHIN LAMASERY WALLS

"Not out of Tibet! Only that she may not go to Lhasa. Pray that the will of Buddha be done."

During nearly the whole day the priests continued their songs, the beating of cymbals, and the turning of prayer wheels. Under the terrific noise and the heaviness of the air laden with incense the unconscious woman grew gradually worse. A Lama who knew something of the outside world watched her and realized that she was growing worse. He went to Lozong.

"She is very low," he said. "It would be foolish indeed to let her die. I know that you and the white doctor are enemies, but you had better send for him."

One of Lozong's brothers who was close at hand urged him to send for John Raymond.

"The Lama speaks the truth," he said. "It is not wise to let her die here."

Lozong's face grew hard. The Chinese woman, who had faithfully remained by the sick woman's side, awaited his decision with



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bated breath. Turning to his personal servant, whom he trusted implicitly, he commanded.

“Go for the doctor. Tell him Lozong says that no minutes must escape him.”

## CHAPTER XI

### THE DOCTOR COMES

**T**HE word of Lozong was obeyed by his followers as is the command of a king. The sun was setting when the messenger slipped down through the courtyard and out from the great cave, leading a horse that had not an ounce of superfluous flesh but whose sinews were like steel. On through the valley he rode, and then turned abruptly, seemingly over trackless rocks, towards the little Tibetan town where Dr. Raymond lived and in which was his hospital. He had made this little unknown town famous by his work. It would have taken the average rider two days, but on and on through the night, without a moment's rest, went this messenger. The sun was not very high in the heavens when he stopped at the door of the little hospital. When he asked for the

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Doctor the servant at the door answered,

"You cannot see him. He has just returned from a long ride and is resting."

"I must see him," returned the messenger. "Tell him that I bring a message from Lozong."

Knowing of the doctor's recent fruitless visit the mention of Lozong's name sent the servant at once to the doctor, who was sleeping soundly after his journey. The messenger followed the servant into the simply furnished, little sleeping room above the hospital.

When the doctor had been awakened, the messenger delivered Lozong's command as simply and as briefly as it had been given by the chief himself.

"The white woman and Lozong are in the Red Cap monastery of new Babum," he said. "She is near to death. Lozong bids you come. Not a minute must be lost."

The doctor looked at the messenger a long time and then threw back his head and laughed.

## THE DOCTOR COMES

"Did you come by the trail, or by the shortest way?"

The messenger answered as briefly as he had spoken!

"It was dark when I started. Think you that I came by the trail?"

Turning to his own servant the doctor commanded,

"Get the swiftest horses, for we must go immediately. We must reach the monastery at dark."

Meanwhile Lozong restlessly watched the increasing fever of his captive, and it was late in the night before he sought sleep. In the early morning consciousness returned to the woman who had journeyed so far and whose spirit had not been quenched even though death was apparently near. The attendants noticed the change and called Lozong who came and sat beside her. Somehow she did not now dread his coming. Though he had threatened her, the very ruggedness and daring of this man appealed to her. Ill as she was, she remembered that

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

she had wanted to know a man unspoiled by the veneer of modern life. Here was one who was indeed different from the average man.

When he first came to her Lozong did not speak, but sat motionless beside her on the ground. Finally he spoke.

“The wish of your heart was that I should send for the doctor. I have sent for him. If I know my messenger—I know the doctor—it will only be a few hours until he comes. These Lamas and abbots tremble at my word, but this white man dares to face our religion with all its wealth and power, and he dares to face me. His faith in his religion makes him fearless. But Lozong is relentless when his will is thwarted. This doctor must not know who you are. I have let you live, and I have in the past let him live, but I say to you that if you shall speak one word of the language of the west, or if by any sign you or this Chinese woman make an appeal for help or tell him who you are, then it shall be death for all of you. It



## THE DOCTOR COMES

has been decreed that you are to be the wife of our tent. Nothing can prevent it for Lozong wills it. I have stolen you. Under Tibetan law you are already our wife. Not now—not until you are well; but when you speak, think of this—it is not your own life you are destroying, but the life of a man whom you have never seen. Lozong would not warn you thus if he did not know the importance of this man's work among the people. He must stay in Tibet. The Lamas want to drive him out, but I will not let them. I am his friend, but one word from you will make me his enemy and he not only leaves Tibet, but he dies.”

As he spoke his voice was quiet but his face was terrible. She knew that he spoke the truth. With this he left her.

Sylvia Lambert lay with her eyes closed for a long time. “The messenger left last night,” she thought. “Lozong says that he is now riding towards me. Oh, I must be silent! I must not cause his death. I wonder what kind of man he is. Everyone

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

knows him and respects him. They fear him for his very justice and service. It is better a thousand times that I die than that he should be harmed."

Near the end of the day the Lama who was the watchman on the lookout tower, commanding a view of every corner of the valley, came to Lozong.

"Two horsemen have just come through the gap," he said. "Think ye not that one is your messenger and the other the white man?"

"Ah, they have done well," was the chief's reply. "I dare say the hours of coming were less than the hours of going, for when haste is required that doctor has the combined heart of a devil and an eagle."

No matter what courage a man may have he is nervous when he meets his equal or superior.

Lozong was nervous while he waited the doctor's coming although he had outwitted and worsted him in the present conflict.

The doctor was admitted at once at the

## THE DOCTOR COMES

door and it was only a few minutes until they rode into the court. Lozong went out to meet him. Raymond, quickly dismounting, came forward. The doctor was clad in khaki which was dirty from the journey, while Lozong was clad in the fine garb of a chief as if it was a feast day. They stood face to face and blue eyes looked directly into black eyes—and neither wavered, and then the doctor laughed. In the sick room, Sylvia Lambert, who had been waiting for him for hours, heard the laugh and smiled, and a thrill passed through her whole body.

"It is as they said," she thought, "I am already well."

"Where is she?" Raymond asked, changing instantly to the quick concern of the physician.

Lozong did not reply at once. Then in a quiet and self-restrained voice he answered:

"Doctor, there are some things you must first understand. You know that I have wished that you and I should be friends.

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Seemingly by accident it has transpired that we are, on this occasion, enemies, and a fight is on between us. As you know, I do not wish to harm you, but I say to you that if any word passes between you and this woman in any other than the Tibetan language, and on any other subject than her health, at that moment for both of you the end will come."

Again the doctor laughed, and in the fashion of the Occident he reached over and patted Lozong on the shoulder.

"What have I to say to her that I would not say in your language? I come as a physician."

When he entered the room he spoke to the sick woman in Tibetan.

"This friend of ours, Lozong," he said, "wishes us to speak to each other only in his language. Will you please tell me your trouble and how you are ill?"

In a few brief words she explained her illness, then he examined her swiftly and accurately. The room was dark and close.



## THE DOCTOR COMES

He had looked at her only casually until he had finished his examination. Then his eyes met hers full and fair for the first time. Sick as she was her beauty shone out from her face and eyes in appeal. Raymond felt as if an electric shock had passed over him. He could not take his eyes from hers. She never afterwards forgot that moment when she first looked into this doctor's smiling face. Her first impression was that he was a man who could be rather easily led because his face was so serene and pleasant, but she soon decided that his strong features and steady glance were those of a man of iron will. He said nothing to her about her condition, and, when he arose, went without a word into the courtyard with Lozong. The night was cloudless. Here and there the light of a flickering lamp flared out from some window of the monastery, and as they looked through the doors they could see tapers of incense.

"Lozong," he said, "we must not quarrel now for we have a difficult task on our hands.



## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

We may save her, but it will not be brought about by the power of these gods, but by the one God who hears and answers intelligent prayer. You and I, working with Him, will save her."

During the greater part of the night Dr. Raymond was at the side of the helpless and suffering woman, and while not there he was not sleeping. He was unable to banish her from his mind. He could not remember having ever seen another woman like her. If he had, it had not been to understand her. Courageous and cultured, she came, it is true, from his own land, but it was as from another world. He wondered what his duty was towards her. He knew nothing of her story, nothing of the purpose which led her to Lhasa. It was evident that she was not a missionary. By many signs he was sure of that. He knew well that if he attempted to rescue her the wrath of Lozong and the Lamas would descend upon him. Few men had become so wedded to their work as had John Raymond. It was

## THE DOCTOR COMES

his very life. The question uppermost in his mind as he meditated upon what he ought to do was what effect the fight with Lozong would have upon his work, for that was supreme. While he felt it a duty to save her, he was sure that he must take no step which would interfere with that which was the passion of his life.

## CHAPTER XII

### HOPELESS HOPE

**T**HE fight that John Raymond made for Sylvia Lambert's life was the same that any doctor would make anywhere for the life of a woman ill from fear and exposure. At times her mind wandered and he sat open-eyed beside her as she revealed the story of her life and her attitude towards men. They were never alone, however, for Lozong was always a silent sentinel. For several days he fought for her life. Some days later when Raymond went to her after only a few hours of sleep, he saw a look in her eyes that made him straighten himself and clench his hands. He saw there gratitude and, without doubt, an unconscious expression of love and longing. He did not know that men ever felt the things which

## HOPELESS HOPE

swept over him. Lozong moved uneasily and then asked abruptly,

“Have not the eyes language? Why do you look at her in that way?—you look at her too much.”

The doctor eyed him sharply before he said,

“Lozong, why are you so suspicious? Can I learn how she is if I do not look at her or touch her?”

“Is she not better now?” demanded Lozong.

“I will see,” said the doctor, as he held her arm and placed his fingers on her wrist. Lozong had seen him do this several times a day when he took her pulse, but now there was a pressure there which the woman had not felt before and instinctively she turned her head, and for a single moment he felt an appeal, and understanding, which he had never before known in a woman’s touch.

The silent chief seemed to sense something between them.

Sylvia, fearing that the chief perceived

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something between them, quickly withdrew her hand and looking squarely into the doctor's face she said to him in the Tibetan language which she always used,

"I am sure my husbands will appreciate what you have done."

Lozong looked at her in wonder and then at the doctor.

"It is enough," he said.

When the doctor left the room he saw that Lozong was uneasy and he dreaded what the day might bring.

Lozong went to the abbot of the monastery.

"Kembul, is this doctor needed any longer?" he asked him. "Why should he tarry here? I think you know that it is our intention that if she lives she shall be ours. Our tent is wifeless, and I believe the gods themselves have sent this woman to me. She belongs to me for I have conquered and I have ruled—this time the gods have smiled upon me and they have decreed that she shall be mine."



## HOPELESS HOPE

"Yes," answered the abbot, "I think it well that the doctor should go."

The doctor felt instinctively that the time had come when he must strike. When Lozong came from the room of the abbot the doctor went directly to him.

"I wish to see His Excellency, and I want you with me, Lozong," he said.

The abbot was seated on a throne, clad in the robes of his office. Two or three priests were beside him. Lozong, with one of his brothers, seated himself on the floor. There were in the room several large images of Buddha and his disciples. That of Buddha was inlaid with gold.

"East is east, and west is west," quoted the doctor to himself as he looked about him, "and never the twain shall meet."

He addressed Lozong.

"There is a woman here from the west. From what you have told me, for I have had no word with her other than what you have heard, she evidently hoped to go to Lhasa. I promise you, that that expedition shall be

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

given up and that I will take her to the little sanitarium where she can rest a few days, then I will see that she crosses the Drechu and goes out of Tibet forever. She is not yours. Buddha cannot bless such a union as you propose. I beg of you to let her go with me."

There was a long silence, but finally the abbot answered.

"In this the will of Lozong must be supreme. Whatever Lozong shall say, that shall be done."

Lozong's younger brother spoke.

"It is not the will of Lozong alone. Our tent has ruled that she shall be our wife; why argue it?"

"Yes," replied Lozong at once. "Why argue it? Doctor, I admire your bravery and your honor. You have kept your pact with me that no secret word would pass between you, but now the time has come when we must further understand each other. This woman is ours. In an hour from now you must ride out from this monastery. If

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you ever pursue us again you will find only her dead body and your own life will be worthless. Lozong does not threaten, he acts."

Turning to the abbot he said,

"Kembul, we loiter not longer. When another division of the day has passed the doctor must be gone."

Raymond arose to his feet.

"I know it is useless to insist," he said, "and I shall not do so. I came at your invitation. I go under protest, but I warn you that the fight is not over. May I see her again?"

"No," was the answer.

There was no laughter on Raymond's lips as he heard this final word. The blue had left his eyes and they were as glittering steel when he looked into Lozong's.

"Lozong, harm one hair of her head, force her to do one thing against her will and the charms that have seemed to preserve you and your clan will be as rags, the birds will eat

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your caravan and your property will all be scattered."

With this and brief instructions for the care of the patient, John Raymond led his horse across the courtyard and down into the cave, and rode out through the portals of the monastery and down the valley towards his Tibetan home, wondering if he should have fought to save her. But what could he do alone? She had said, "Lozong spoke the truth." In his helplessness he prayed to God that somehow the heavens would open and give him help to rescue her, for in his heart he knew it was not so.

Down through the valley, past little clusters of flat-roofed houses and across small streams went John Raymond on the long road home. Recognized everywhere and greeted with great respect—for it was known that the doctor had gone at the bidding of Lozong, he wondered if these people whom he had helped could be enlisted against the robber chief in an effort to save the white woman. The threat of Lozong



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however, could not be overlooked. "If you seek her that moment she and you shall die."

With a feeling of real joy he came at last to the little town beside the Drechu. Here were friends, not of his race, but the natives among whom he worked—staunch friends, such as the missionaries on the frontiers of the world are always making. These people represented two nationalities, Chinese and Tibetan. Living as traders with the Tibetans, the Chinese seemed to feel a kinship to this man who also was a stranger in a strange land. When the doctor reached his little home he pondered long over his problem. While wondering what he should do, he realized all the time that anything he might say would be carried to the ears of Lozong, yet he needed someone in whom he could confide, someone who could help him.

As he rode into his compound that morning, the young Chinese who served as an assistant in the hospital came out to greet him. This young man was very much attached to the doctor who had brought him



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from a long and serious illness into health and strength again. He looked at Doctor Raymond inquiringly and then said,

"You ride alone?"

The doctor did not reply at once.

"Did you expect someone to be with me?" he finally asked.

"Why should a white woman be left in the tent of Lozong?"

"Yes, why should she?" repeated the doctor. As he had journeyed his heart had been heavy, but now he decided to unburden it to a few of his friends including this young Chinese doctor.

Four of them came at his bidding. Each had become attached to this stranger by some bond of service or some common sorrow. There were the young Chinese doctor, the Chinese official and two Tibetans, one of whom had helped the doctor learn the language and who was much respected by the tribe that dwelt in the little town. The other was an old herder, of whom it was said that he had been a robber chief, but that out

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of his gains he had bought his tents and his flocks and was now leading an honest life.

Each knew why he was called and all dreaded the task which they knew would be given them, but in that far country the call of a white man is usually answered as the call of authority, especially when it comes from a benefactor and a friend.

The story John Raymond told them was simple and direct. He thought that he supplied every detail, yet after the manner of Orientals they had many questions to ask regarding the situation. One of their questions had been in his own mind continually.

“Whence came she? Who is this fair woman with such wonderful skin and eyes? When we know this perhaps somehow we can deal with Lozong.”

A great dread came over the Doctor, the fear which had hung over him ever since Lozong had declared, “She is to be the wife of our tent.” He felt driven to do something to keep her from this awful fate. His

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counselors sought to impress upon him the magnitude of the fight upon which he was entering. "If you fight Lozong," they told him, "it will either result in your death or you will be driven from Tibet." The Doctor made no comment, but the question came again, "Is the life of one woman worth more than my life to Tibet?"

Silence fell upon the group for a long while after the problem was fully stated, then the doctor turned to the Chinese official.

"No one questions your authority with the Chinese. Go and find out from that Chinese woman all that she knows about this captive. When you have learned that come and tell me."

And to the old Tibetan chief he said,

"You know the ways and the hiding places of Lozong, for you yourself have made the tracks for him. Keep your nose to the ground as the wolf follows the scent, keep your ear to the heavens for the staying of the wind, and tell me."

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To the young Tibetan and the Chinese  
doctor he said,

“While others are seeking the way, to us  
it is given to fight.”

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE WIFE OF THE GODS

**W**HEN John Raymond left the monastery of Babum, Lozong first realized that he dreaded to face Sylvia Lambert. He must not delay in making her the wife of the tent, for he knew that in spite of his threat the fearless doctor would be sure to try to rescue her. Lozong's only hope of holding her for his own was to make her the wife at once.

He went to the little room where her cot had been placed. It was the first time he had gone there alone since the doctor's coming. When she saw him alone a great fear came over her.

"Where is the doctor?" she asked.

Lozong stood silent. There was no jeering in his manner, for he had a feeling for this woman different than he had ever had



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for any other human being. Her weakness had changed his passion to sympathy and to wonder at the way she obeyed his will.

"He is gone," he at last replied. "He was called away. He told me that he could not remain longer. He has many patients. They await him at the hospital. They call him everywhere."

Weak as she was, the whole passion of her soul flamed and she raised herself on her arm as she cried,

"It's a lie! If he has gone you have sent him away. He has not gone of his own free will for such a man would not leave me unless you had harmed him or forced him to go. He could not have believed what I said."

Lozong was silent. This woman had indeed strange power over him. He feared her, yet he was determined that his will should not be thwarted. But the time had not yet come to reveal his real intentions, so he turned abruptly and left her.

Lozong went at once to the abbot to

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whose room he always had entrance. There was no formal greeting between them.

"Kembul, you know our intention," were his first words. "The time has come when we are going to make this woman the wife of our tent. We want a ceremony by the priests. This is the custom of China and I am told it is the custom in her land. My brothers are here. True, she has no parents or anyone to act as middleman as is done in China. It is irregular in many ways but it must be done without delay. The fact that we have simply stolen her after the manner of Tibet is not enough."

There was a look of determination in the abbot's eyes as he answered Lozong.

"No, it shall not be done. No one has followed the ways of Buddha more faithfully than have you, but I decree that it is not the will of the gods that you should have her. It has been declared to me that she shall be the wife of the gods."

Lozong's anger was intense. He was

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astonished for he had never heard such an amazing proposition.

“Kembul, you declare that she shall be the wife of the gods! The gods have no wives.”

“Ah, you know the pictures show that they have wives, or how could other gods be born?”

He pointed to a frieze that covered an entire side of the room in which they were standing. On the frieze was pictured the gods relation with their wives and the birth of other gods. “Can you deny the traditions. See you not that the gods have wives?”

The abbot's declaration silenced the chief, for he was a good Buddhist. He realized that for the moment he was outwitted and that if there was to be a ceremony for him it could not be at this time. Without further word he left the room to seek his brothers and perhaps even enlist the help of the foreign woman herself. As he passed out into the court and walked towards the little room

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where she had been lying, one of the brothers came running out.

"She is gone!" he cried.

"Gone?" he asked as though he could not grasp the import of this.

"Yes, she is gone. Has the foreign doctor taken her?"

"No," answered Lozong, "a heavier hand than that of the doctor is upon her." He knew at once that the abbot had acted swiftly and treacherously in his own brief absence from the woman's side.

Standing in the open court, in a loud voice that brought many of the Lamas running from the various temples, Lozong declared the curses of Buddha upon the monastery and vowed that he would yet have his woman. The horses were brought out and with a parting curse he led the way from the monastery of the Red Cap sect.

Sylvia Lambert had been lying alone, for the Chinese woman had left her side to prepare their breakfast, when suddenly an open-



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ing appeared in the wall immediately back of her. A heavy bear skin was thrown over her and she was conscious of being moved while held by strong hands. With great effort she was finally able to throw the blanket from her head and she found that she was being carried through a passage as black as night. She felt intuitively that Lozong had no part in this; that somehow she had fallen into the power of a more ruthless force. Suddenly from out of the darkness she was taken into a large room. It was lighted with many lamps and the air was heavy with incense. In all her travels in this strange land she had not seen so many images of gods. The room was not high, and heavy walnut beams reached out like great black arms across the ceiling. The golden gods seemed to move and blink at her. When she had been brought to the center of the room the Lamas placed her facing the great image of Buddha. Suddenly a light gleamed from the lifeless eyes and she stared fascinated at the great hideous figure.



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"Woman from another land," uttered a deep voice issuing from the mouth of the golden Buddha, "you have said that you would go to Lhasa. Perhaps, some day, it shall be given to you to go to the sacred city, for you are to be the wife of the gods. It is given to you to know Buddha for you are to be the wife of Buddha. His messengers come. Arise."

Sylvia Lambert did not move. She could not arise, not only on account of her illness but because of fear. Hands grasped her and she was made to stand. The voice continued,

"Now prostrate yourself before Buddha."

"I will not!" came the cry from the helpless woman's lips and she struggled to turn her back toward the speaking image, but the hands that held her forced her to her knees, and then walls seemed to lift, and from everywhere came dozens of Lamas, each with a prayer wheel in one hand and a bell in the other. They were gorgeously attired. The abbot came from behind the image of Buddha and the woman, held as if in a vice,

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with her face to the floor in the form of a kowtow, prayed that death might come to her. Through the chanting of the priests she could hear the mystic prayers, "Om mani padme hum." Though terrified, she longed to look up. Then came the command to raise her head. From the eyes of each idol flamed a light and through their lips came the declaration repeated many times like a chant, "You are the wife of the gods."

## CHAPTER XIV

### A RIGHTEOUS ABBOT

**W**HEN Lozong left Babum he rode directly across the mountain to the monastery of Sarnack, of the Yellow Cap sect, whose abbot was famed for his goodness and uprightness, and which admitted only those priests who desired to live a holy life. Lozong was a friend of all the abbots in eastern Tibet, for he brought much spoil to their temples, but he had never dared to go to the abbot of Sarnack except with that which he knew would, in the Tibetan code, be looked upon as righteous spoil.

He was admitted at once. The abbot was pleased to see him, for he had heard that the chief had gone to Babum, and had wondered whether he had lost Lozong and his patronage to the temple.

“Lozong, I hear a strange story of a raid,

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of a foreign woman and of the foreign doctor. What means this?" asked the abbot.

"Kembul, it means, that a foreign woman set her face towards Lhasa and I felt that it was not the will of Buddha that she should enter into the holy sanctuaries of that city."

"You are right, Lozong. But why have you not delivered her to the foreign doctor? Will he not pledge that she shall turn her face from the west and journey towards the east, towards the land from whence she came?"

"Yes," admitted Lozong. "He has made that pledge, but know you that she is to be the wife of our tent? I have come to you this morning because of the fame of your righteousness and purity. I am a robber chief, yet I have my flocks, my tents, and my houses. You know that our wife is dead, and I have stolen this woman so that she shall be our wife. I took her to Babum. The foreign doctor came and healed her. The abbot of Babum looked upon her and coveted

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her and announced she was to be the wife of the gods."

"What!" exclaimed the abbot. "Has that man declared so boldly that which they practice in secret? Some of us are living according to the precepts of Buddha, some of us are seeking to follow the holy life of meditation, but one man like this brings evil and ill repute to us all. It shall not be. That woman shall be taken from yonder monastery. Ah, I have waited these many years to strike this blow. Three centuries ago others prepared for this hour in a way he knows not of, for while they sleep we shall enter and no walls shall prevent it. Then he leaned close to Lozong and his eyes glistened in the light of the lamp as he whispered, "See ye not the wall that surrounds this monastery? Wonder ye not at the hill which lies in back of it? From yonder big room, if you but lift a tile of the floor, a horse will strike a road as smooth as this floor. True, for many years the bats and snakes have gathered there, but it leads



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directly to the cave of Babum. The watchman waits outside. A dozen men can lift the floor, or if it cannot be lifted the timbers can be cut away, and then we will go to where the woman is hidden. I know every foot of yonder monastery. Two watchmen wait, one outside and one in the tower. Tonight while they sleep, the interior of the secret room of Babum will be destroyed. Of course no image of Buddha must be touched."

Accustomed though he was to rallying men, Lozong, as he followed the old abbot during the day, marveled at the generalship which he displayed. They were not priests who sallied forth that night, although every head bore the mark of the vow the man had taken. It was an army of fifty men, picked and hardened, men who knew they had a battle to fight, and who understood the danger.

Nearing the cave which was the entrance to the Lamasery of Babum, Lozong and the priests dismounted and tried the floor, but

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found it could not be raised. However, they soon cut it away and with a great crash the rocks fell out. The noise was not heard within the temple for the cave entrance was far from the sleeping chambers. Only the watchman ran forward and peered into the deep hole, but a hand reached out in the darkness and grasped him and he was silent. Quietly they raised themselves to the floor that gave access to the monastery.

The old abbot, who had laid aside his robe of office for a dress of skins, stood with the chief waiting until the little band had surrounded them. Then Lozong spoke.

"Kembul," he addressed the abbot, "I have one request to make, and that is that we let the Chinese woman alone. Take the white woman. Then we shall fare forth and no priest will dare to follow."

"We will take the Chinese woman from the clutches of these evil men and leave her on the road, then she can find her way to some of her kind," was the abbot's reply.

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The abbot gave the command. "Take the white woman."

Silently they moved forward to the quarters of the abbot of Babum. "She sleeps in the room adjoining Kembul's quarters," said Lozong.

Creeping close to a wall they saw a light in one of the rooms, where the Chinese woman was attending Sylvia Lambert, for the ceremony of the day had brought about a return of the fever. Lozong himself stepped forward. He felt he would now be welcome. Placing his hand over his lips to indicate no outcry he strode directly towards her. Then he put his hand over the mouth of the Chinese woman and commanded one of the Lamas of his party to bind her.

The old abbot came forward and declared, "It is not enough that we take this woman from him. The abbot of Babum must pay."

He gave a command and moving forward with axes and spears in their hands, his followers entered the abbot's room.

"The vengeance of Buddha is upon you,"

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cried the abbot of Sarnack, "because unholy motives are in your heart."

The frightened abbot lifted his voice in a single outcry and reaching out struck a bell close at hand. Its sharp clanging note had scarcely ceased when a hundred doors sprang open and the temple was in wild confusion. But the men from Sarnack were ready, while the others, half clad and half asleep, fought against tremendous odds.

After the terrible day through which she had passed Sylvia Lambert was thankful for the coming of Lozong. She feared him, but these filthy, shaven-headed priests, smeared with butter, were to her the most horrible creatures she had ever encountered. The Chinese woman had whispered to her awful tales she had heard, and now as she lay alone listening to the fight, she prayed for Lozong and believed that every blow was being struck in her defense. Her prayers were answered—or was it the will of the gods—for the Lamas of Babum were being



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worsted in the fight. The abbot himself lay in a heap on the floor, unconscious from a blow. The abbot of Sarnack bowed low before the statue of Buddha, from whose lips had issued the statement that the foreign woman had been made the wife of the gods, and prayed, "Om mani padme hum. Your purity, your meditations, your purposes are exalted." To Lozong he said, "We go now. Take the Chinese woman with you to the road."

The doors of the cave were opened and Lozong and his band rode out into the night. Again Sylvia Lambert was swung across Lozong's saddle. The brothers took the Chinese woman to the road and unloosed and left her there. Before riding out, however, the floor leading to the secret passage had been placed intact.

As Lozong rode on through the night, feeling the weight of the now unconscious woman against him, he lifted his eyes to the silent stars that seemed such close neighbors to him there on the roof of the world,



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and said, "It must be the will of the gods that she shall be the wife of our tent."

The old abbot of Sarnack had returned through the darkness. The wrath of Buddha had come with tremendous force upon Babum as a punishment for its impurity.

## CHAPTER XV

### THE CHINESE MESSENGER

**T**HE Chinese woman had been deserted only a few rods from the door of the temple. She tried to follow the horsemen, but they rode too rapidly for her to keep up with them, and throwing herself in the grass she wept in despair. Alone in the darkness, she waited wide-eyed, thinking someone would return for her. Finally she decided that there was but one place to go for help and that was to the foreign doctor. She knew that Lozong had sent him from the monastery and that he had ridden away. She had heard the raiders in the night and was glad that it was Lozong who had come, for she knew that he was more to be trusted than the priests, but now he had separated her from her mistress, to whom she had be-

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come devoted in these days of adventure and distress.

When the morning light crept over the eastern hills she made her way to a group of tents that stood beside the little stream in the valley. Inquiring if they knew where she could find some of her race, she was directed to one who kept a little store. She went to this man and told her story. It was not new to him; already he had heard of the expulsion of the doctor from Babum and of all the principal events that had been transpiring in the monastery. He readily offered to help her, for there is no race more willing to lend aid to its people than the Chinese. Calling one of his servants he ordered two of his Mongolian ponies, and, with the servant trotting along behind, rode with the woman to the little town where Dr. Raymond lived. He pointed out a group of houses on the far hillside, then left her, with the parting injunction to urge the white man to act quickly.

The doctor was busy about his work when

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she entered his little courtyard. He knew at once that something had happened, for here was the woman to whom he had sent messengers and she came alone. Could the foreign woman have escaped? But the many questions that rushed through his mind were soon answered.

"After you left Babum, the abbot declared that she was selected to be the wife of the gods. She fainted during a long ceremony which they forced her to go through, and then in the night Lozong and his men came out of the earth itself and took her away and I know not where they have gone."

Under the stress of his emotions John Raymond was silent. He was somewhat relieved by knowing that Lozong had taken her from the priests, but his face was set and hard.

"Come with me into the guest room," were his first words.

Sitting opposite her at a little table, he said:

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"Now tell me all that you know about this foreign woman."

She told him Sylvia's Chinese name and then as best she could repeated the English name. She dwelt upon her mistress's virtues and kindness. By allowing her to talk freely he gradually learned that she was a woman of wealth, that she had an insatiable desire to go to Lhasa, that she had spent four years in the study of the Chinese and Tibetan languages and that she had been entertained at the courts at Peking. He learned of the raid, of the march through the night to reach him, and with every sentence he marveled more and more at the wonderful courage of Sylvia Lambert.

When the Chinese woman had finished her story he called in the group of advisors that had met the day before.

"Listen to this story, this is all that we want to know."

Then he went away to be alone. He was trying to decide whether he should organize a rescue party. "Lozong has a thou-



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sand enemies," he thought, "and they are among those whom I have treated. Shall I lead a party against him?" But he knew that if he did his hospital would later be destroyed in revenge. Another way must be sought.

"You must not do this," he reasoned with himself, "for Lozong has sent word down the valley that if you lift your hand it will mean the end of your work and perhaps your life. We will try in our own way to find her."

Raymond sat with lips pressed tightly together.

"My work is the biggest thing in my life," he said. "This woman is nothing to me——" then he stopped. "But it is a part of my work to help those who are in trouble," he continued, "and this woman of my own race is alone in this strange land. I must go to her. Oh, that there was a government to whom I could appeal but in a land like this there is no government but the priests and robber chiefs like Lozong."

"You must find Lozong," urged John

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Raymond as he came back to the little group of men. "You must find his tent in the mountains. Then I will go to him. Lo-zong is courageous and will play fair with courage."

John Raymond had not realized how much his work had become a part of the life of these simple people of the hills, until he mingled with them in his search for Lozong. He found that many who had been treated in his clinic were friends indeed when they learned whom he was seeking and that he was in danger. Although fearing the Tibetan chief they wanted to help this man who had smiled while he relieved their pain; who had encouraged and inspired them and given them a new faith. In their tents and their little mud houses, and often tucked away in their belts with their beads, or hanging from their prayer wheels, or in their charm boxes which contained pieces of a lama's dress or hair, he knew there were copies of the gospels he had either given or sold to them at the hospital. From numer-

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ous signs he recognized the influence of his work, and each sign made it clearer that he must remain in Tibet to fight the battles of this people who so needed help.

At last he found the trail that led to Lo-zong's hiding place. It was not a direct trail, but he was told the vicinity and to look for the tent of a nomad. When night approached he took a long leash and staked his horse close to the spot where he meant to rest that night. Wrapping himself in a great skin he lay down but not to sleep. The stars above him brought thoughts of home. They seemed to urge him to follow the trail and find the woman, and take her to America. He realized that with his medical experience gained in these years of service of every kind he might in America become famous and perhaps even he who had always lived in the wilds could win such a woman for his own. But he remembered the Savior's temptation in the mountain, and knew that this longing was prompted only by the selfish side of his nature and not by

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the needs of Tibet, the diseases that were rife, and the hopeless and colorless lives these people lived. He knew that their souls were rich in the desire for worship. He had already seen marvelous possibilities in those who had come under the influence of Christianity.

Throwing aside the skin that covered him, he stood up praying. His face was turned toward home and toward the heavens above.

"God save Tibet," he prayed, "save it from the Lamas, save it from its superstition, save it from Buddha. God save this woman if it be Thy will, but not for me. I am Thy messenger and my life is given to Tibet now and forever more."

## CHAPTER XVI

### WHAT MEANETH LOVE?

**T**WO days from the monastery of Babum was a hiding place known only to Lozong and the eagles. A cave ran back into the heart of a mountain, and by order of Lozong a black tent was always pitched at its entrance. It seemed to be the home of a nomad, for flocks grazed on the surrounding hillside. To this far place Lozong came when hard pressed. He knew he would have to remain in hiding after the raid on the monastery and when the foreign doctor learned what had happened, so he took his captive to this farthest recess of the mountain fastness.

He carried her while she was unconscious, but when she was strong enough to ride alone, placed her with some attendants for the long ride to the hiding place.



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Sylvia Lambert never forgot her first view of the surrounding country when they reached the lonely tent more than ten thousand feet above the sea's level, and surrounded by snow-covered peaks. There were dense woods of fir trees, and great rocks that caught the glint of the sun's rays, and a vastness of space that made her think of eternity.

The entrance to the cave faced the west, and sitting at the tent's opening she imagined that the bar of light in the far distance, all that remained of the sun before it disappeared in the embrace of the farthest mountains, was the golden roof of the Potala at Lhasa, although she knew it was hundreds of miles beyond the range of vision.

Lozong brought some great yak, bear and wolf skins with which he arranged a bed. The servant had been sent out, and to the tsambe and crude butter diet had been added some Chinese food.

As he had not made any declaration regarding his purpose, she asked him why he

## WHAT MEANETH LOVE?

had not brought the Chinese woman, and what had become of her.

Lozong's answer was brief and truthful.

"It would not have been wise to bring her."

He never pushed aside the curtain which they had hung before her door. He had only once addressed her.

"You must get well now," he said.

Whenever the smoke of the fire in the tent drove her out into the open, Lozong was there. She wondered at the quiet way in which he commanded his men and the courtliness of his manner when addressing her.

She was not the only one who noticed this. The brothers said to each other,

"He has never been like this before. In all his life he has never treated a human being as he does this woman. Why is he so gentle with her? Is he afraid of her?"

Lozong also marveled at himself. Waking and sleeping she was in his mind. His desire was not alone to hold her as the wife of the tent, but to know and understand

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her. He had seen her smile when the doctor came and he hoped that she would smile upon him in that way.

The days sped on until nearly a week had passed and the woman asked herself, again and again:

“Where is he, the only man of my race and kind in this far country? Where is he while I am here alone? How could he believe what I told him in Tibetan? He must have known I was only trying to save him.”

One morning Sylvia Lambert walked alone on the mountain side to reflect and pray. At home prayer had been an incidental thing, but out at the edge of the world she had realized the nearness of God. Turning her face in the direction from which she thought the doctor would come, for she was confident he would come, she prayed for deliverance.

Lozong, as usual, had followed her. She was conscious that she never moved from the tent without some eye upon her, and usually it was he who watched. This was the first

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time, however, that he had come to sit beside her and she felt that he had something of importance to say.

"Woman of the West," said Lozong, "the time has come when you and I must understand each other. I have spoken with the abbot of Sarnack, and he has said that he, himself, will come to our tent and make you our wife. This is your custom and the custom of China. By our custom you are already our wife. He is a good man. If it had not been for him, you would still be in the hands of those Lamas of the monastery of Babum, but the abbot of Sarnack has delivered you to me, and now I say to you that the time is not far away when you must come to our tent as our wife."

There was no note of threat in what Lozong said. He spoke quietly but with finality. Every nerve in her body quivered and she felt that it was going to be almost impossible to battle alone against his desires and the terrible future which this man was preparing for her. Her despair can scarcely



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be imagined. She reached out her hands to him and begged:

"Oh, save me, Lozong! I will give up going to Lhasa, though it was the fondest dream of my heart. Will you not save me?"

He merely shook his head.

"I suppose it is the manner of your women to beg," he finally said. "But you might as well make up your mind to be the wife of our tent."

In utter despair she sprang to her feet.

"You see that precipice yonder!" she cried. "The moment you, or your brothers, try to take me to your tent as your wife, that moment I will go over the cliff."

Lozong stood up and smiled cynically. He wanted her but that which made him a good Buddhist also led him to discern that she was suffering.

"If there were any other way out," he said, "your pain would half persuade me to take you across the hills; but why should not our races mingle? You have told me that you seek Lhasa wholly because of your



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love of adventure. Could you not be happy in dwelling here? True, our religions are different and your code of life is unlike ours, but perhaps each can change somewhat and all will be well. Perhaps instead of being the wife of many, you could be the wife of one, as are women in your land and some women here. The eagle follows the path yonder to the mountain heights and then he can fly. Man can follow the path to the crest of the mountain, but then he must return, for the precipice is beyond and he cannot fly; so we have come to the crest of the mountain. What way is there, I ask you, other than for you to remain in Tibet? If you turn westward, other robbers may kill you, and why should you die? A woman such as you could find life in the tent of Lozong. Lozong can take you to Lhasa. Lozong can let your eyes look upon the Potala."

Sylvia was amazed at this long speech from Lozong, for he usually spoke briefly.

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She began to see deeper into his soul and listened with wonder to his pleading.

"I could be your servant," she finally said. "But you must let me think. The hills are locked as if a great bolt covered the door. I cannot get away. My only companion with whom it was possible for me to travel, you have taken from me. Evidently you have hidden me so that the doctor cannot find me, or he would have been here before this. Oh, I beg of you one thing, if I am to be made the wife of your tent, delay it for a little while. Let me work as a servant, and then when the years shall have rolled around, you will not be sorry that you have convinced rather than forced me."

"I know that you hope to find some way of escape, and you plead for time only for that purpose, but I tell you that cannot be. There is no way of escape. You may serve in the tent for a time if you will. My horseman will teach you how to make tsambe and butter tea, for in this land everyone works."

Clad in the dress of a Tibetan woman, for

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they had brought her the garments of the wife who had died, she worked as a servant in the tent. Her duties were simple, for she had only to clean the tent and cook the food. There was no washing. The garments of the Tibetans are never washed. She introduced some western customs, and Lozong tried to adapt himself to this new manner of life, but the younger brothers resented any change from the old and often jeered at her. Once while Lozong was away, one of them threatened her. Though a man of passion, the chief held himself in restraint. But this younger brother was brutal and uncontrolled.

One night she heard him talking to Lozong.

"There must be no further delay," he said. "This woman must be our wife, and why should we delay longer? We feed her. If we are not to have her we must arrange for another."

Under pressure of the brother's urging, Lozong again came to Sylvia Lambert.

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"You have threatened that from yonder mountain you would find death should we make you become our wife, but while you shall not walk in the paths of old, I promise you that no one shall live as well as you."

After this new appeal she patiently explained to him the standards of America, that a man wins a woman for his wife and that she has the right of choice as well as the man—they must select each other because of love and respect.

"Ah, but the woman has rights in Tibet," replied Lozong.

"Yes, but it is not the right of love."

While nervously and eagerly talking with him of love, though her language was stumbling, she made him understand that a marriage was an arrangement which could only be founded upon love. She saw a new light dawn in his eyes and wondered if he understood. As he left her he said:

"I do not want you to die, but I am afraid that young devil of a brother of mine would not let you live if you do not become our

## WHAT MEANETH LOVE?

wife." He reached his hands out to her, with palms upturned.

"Can you not believe that Lozong is not all bad? Can you not believe that Lozong is seeking to follow the will of Buddha? Yes, more than that, Woman of the West, Lozong does not know the meaning of the word 'love' as you interpret it, but he knows respect. Can you not believe that he would like to serve you? When there are two roads which one shall Lozong take?"



## CHAPTER XVII

### A VISIT TO THE HIDING PLACE

ONE morning Sylvia Lambert did not throw back the bear skins covering her. The chief had been very anxious, for during the night he had heard her murmur and talk in the strange language which she had used in her delirium while in the monastery. The fear that had been growing upon her for days had culminated in a condition which Lozong did not understand though he knew it was no passing illness. When consciousness returned, she smiled up into his face and said,

“Lozong, I am sick again. The remedies we have here will not cure me. Unless you let me go to his hospital I think it is almost useless to again send for the doctor. However you, might try.”

“No, he cannot come here,” said Lozong.

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"No one knows the path to this tent. In the darkness of the night we drop out of the clouds. As much as I want you to live, I think it would be better for you to die than to send for him again. He is close up on the trail—nearer than any man has ever been before. He rides unarmed and alone. Such courage have only the gods themselves. Yesterday he was not far away but he has been turned off the trail."

Lozong left her, to go into the open to battle with himself. He did not want her to die, even though she would not be his.

"But why should that doctor continually cross my path?" he asked. Long ago he had said to the Lama,

"You and your doctors cannot help her."

He called his brothers about him.

"That foreign doctor knows that she is in our tent. If we should let her die here, perhaps the hand of China would reach out as our enemy because a foreign woman had died in our tent. This cannot be. As much as we do not want it, I think we had better

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

send for the doctor. Last night he rested in the house of a Chinese, less than six hours away."

The younger brother volunteered to go in search of him. Lozong looked at him for a long time.

"You have acted strangely of late," he said. "Our family has never quarreled, and speaking as the older brother and head of the family, I hope we will continue to live in peace. Do not let that temper of yours lead you astray, but go for the doctor and let me deal with him. He and I understand each other."

Lozong, watching the younger brother ride away, was not sure that he could trust him.

The doctor knew that Lozong and his messengers had been leaving the main trail near a certain point, and from there he followed paths leading to many tents. After a fruitless search he returned to the open, to be greeted by the younger brother's message,

## A VISIT TO THE HIDING PLACE

"Our wife is sick," was the messenger's word.

The doctor staggered from his saddle.

"They have overcome her," he thought. "And she is ill again. Has she been lost to me? If she has——"

And at that moment the full passion of his nature swept over him.

"If she has, though I give my life for it, Lozong shall pay."

They had followed the trail for some distance before the brother spoke,

"Lozong orders that you shall not come with your eyes open, so I must blindfold you. Men have been taken to our tent, but they have always gone through darkness or with eyes closed to the sun."

The doctor remonstrated, even tried to resist, but the brother only spurned him. "You may fight if you will, but that will not take you to her. You may kill me but that only closes the door, and during every moment that you delay she is growing worse. Of course I am anxious to save our wife, for

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no tent in Tibet has one to equal her, and I know you too are anxious to save the life of this woman of your race, so why delay?"

The doctor recognized the truth of the argument and submitted to the binding of the coarse cloth about his eyes, but when the brother took the long rope to lead the horse, a doubt crept into his mind as to whether he was really being taken to the woman who was ill or whether this man was not an excuse to lead him into a trap and perhaps to death. They were riding rapidly, and in the darkness of his bound eyes it seemed a long time before he heard voices and knew that his horse was being led to the entrance of a tent.

A firm hand removed the cloth from his eyes and a quiet voice told him to alight from his horse. He turned to face Lozong. There was no demonstration, for both men realized that the doctor's help was urgent and John Raymond knew that again necessity had driven the chief to send for him.

"We know of your search," said the chief,



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without the usual greeting. "The whispering winds and the clearest call of the night have told us of your coming. No other man has ever ventured so near. I need not tell you that we are now desperate. You must not communicate with her in any way whatever. I will ask her anything you wish to know, and when you touch her I want you to tell me why."

As John Raymond stood silently before the chief he knew that someone else heard the command, and he was glad that she would understand the limitations under which he would be forced to work.

Lozong's hand swept aside the curtain of Sylvia Lambert's tent, revealing the sick woman who was so changed that the doctor unconsciously showed his surprise. "It is true," he thought. "They have made her the wife of their tent."

In the darkness he seemed to see only her eyes. No word fell from his lips or from hers, for Lozong was watching them intently. The doctor closed his eyes. The

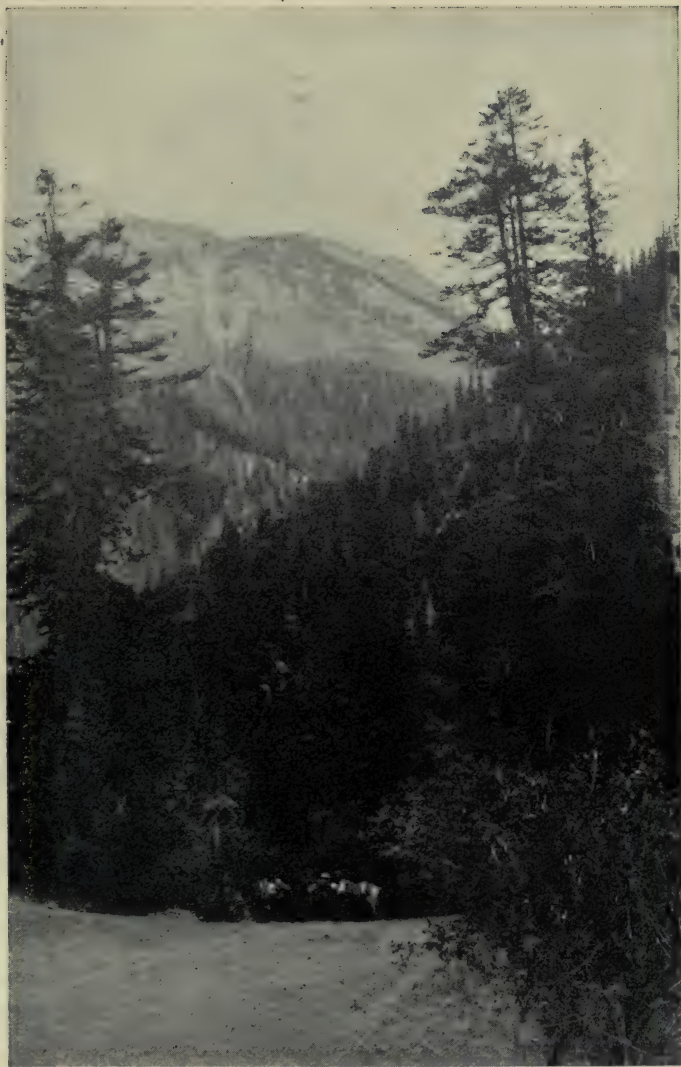
## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

robber chief could not prevent the language of silence from passing between them. They were unconsciously using the power of which man knows so little. He felt, or did he hear, her call of despair, "You must help me." "What can I do for you?" he sent out with equal desperation.

"I must take her temperature and count her pulse," he told Lozong. "Of course you will permit me to do that?"

Lozong silently considered this request and finally consented, and as the doctor sought her wrist the woman's fingers unconsciously found his hand for a moment, and forgetting his purpose, the doctor's hand closed upon her wrist with all the force of his strong emotion. Although it seemed that her arm would break under it, it was to her the sweetest thing on earth.

He asked no question except through Lozong, for he realized that it would be hazardous to antagonize the chief in his desperation. After the first wave of feeling had passed, he made a careful examination



#### LOZONG'S RIDING PLACE

In the far recesses of the mountains above fourteen thousand feet, in the Province of Degre, was Sylvia Lambert hidden, in these far remote and trackless waste John Raymond sought her.



## A VISIT TO THE HIDING PLACE

and left his medicines with very careful instructions. He then turned and looked for a long time at Lozong.

"Will you not listen to reason?" he finally asked quietly. "If she stays here it will mean her death. Take her to my hospital yonder, there we can hope to heal her. Here while you are expecting to keep her she is dying by inches. It would be better to let the knife silence her forever than to compel her to suffer in this way."

He thought Lozong would be frightened by such a statement, but the chief's answer was more desperate than his own.

"The knife will silence her," and then he paused and in a whisper continued, "and you—before she shall be taken to your hospital."

There were no leave-takings when the doctor went from the tent. He was struggling with himself in a desire to decide this battle by physical combat with Lozong. He knew that such a course would be unwise and that it would probably result in giving up his life



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and perhaps the life of the woman. It would be impossible to win against so many, so he again submitted to being blindfolded and taken to the main road. The younger brother again led the way and called back to him at intervals as they rode along.

"You now see, don't you, that she is the wife of the tent?" he asked, contemptuously. "You now understand that you can never take her away and that she shall never escape? Why do you try? It is foolish for you to continue to look for her. She resisted, it is true, but the priests pronounced the ceremony." And he went on to describe it.

Subtle in his description and repeatedly insistent that the foreign woman had become theirs, he at last impressed the doctor that he was telling the truth. If the blindfolded man could have had but one look into the face that was usually expressionless but that was now alive with all the joy of cunning torture he would have known that he was

## A VISIT TO THE HIDING PLACE

being deceived. But as the certainty grew on him, he sank into silence.

He knew when they finally reached the path which they called the broad road, for other travelers passed by, and then he was conscious that they were following a slowly moving caravan. He heard the travelers question his guide regarding him, and the answer was always noncommittal. At last the brother came and ordered him to lower his head. He did so without alighting from his horse. The cloth was taken from his eyes and his hands were loosened.

"Go," said the brother briefly. "You have failed this time. Why come again?"

"Has it not done some good?" quickly returned the doctor. "To save her for you is something, isn't it? Doesn't it mean much to save your wife?" And then he laughed.

The brother stood silently watching him as he rode rapidly away, and, muttering to himself, he said, "I thought I had made him believe that it was useless to continue to follow us, but I have failed."

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But he had not failed. A lonely man rode away towards the little mission station. Yet he was a desperate man for his soul was being torn with such emotions as he had never known a human being could experience.

Should he leave her there? Had the brother told the truth? What were their relations? These were the questions that John Raymond fought against as he rode at a reckless pace towards his home. The horse that had grown accustomed to habitual kindness must have felt something of the passion of his rider. Strangely enough, in his despair he began to think more clearly.

"Can she have become their wife by force? She could not have held my hand as she did if that is true! She could not have looked at me as she did if it were only despair! Somehow, I almost believe she loves me, and if they have made her the wife of their tent by brute force, they shall not escape me." For the moment all the passions of his nature assailed him, but as he left the mountain pass

## A VISIT TO THE HIDING PLACE

and came in sight of the little mission hospital, he grew calmer.

“Though she is a wife by force, no law of God or man can hold her. I know my enemies, but she is going to be mine, no matter what the price.”

## CHAPTER XVIII

### ESCAPE

**I**F the doctor was desperate as he rode from the tent of Lozong, the woman was hopeless. She had expected that something would happen which would give him an opportunity to secure her release. She felt the impulse to struggle from her coarse bed and commence the fight which she felt the doctor would make should she begin it, but his going was so sudden and she herself so weak, that there was no other way than to submit. She seemed to feel again the touch of his hand and with this came a gleam of hope. Though disappointed that he had not made an attempt to rescue her, she had seen enough of the life of her wild companions to know that it would have been too great a risk. Her growing feeling for this man of whom she knew so little led her to believe



## ESCAPE

that he had done his best, and that his cool judgment was better than a hopeless fight. She determined to use her utmost will to regain strength, when she would seek him again, believing that if she could find him with his friends he would save her.

As the days went by, she took his medicine faithfully and ate more of the coarse food. She felt her strength slowly but finally returning. She lived almost alone, remaining on her cot through the long days, and rarely saw Lozong. The brothers held many conferences around their camp-fire. On several occasions she was alone during the greater part of the night, after which they returned with the spoils from a raid. She waited until they had absolute confidence in leaving her alone, and then one night quietly left the tent for the trail. Her eyes found the eternal star, and, turning, from the north to the east, she said softly, "He came from the east. I shall go east."

She thought of the little Chinese woman and longed for her companionship. Her

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

senses were alert to every sound or motion. Though trembling at the thought of possible dangers ahead, there was something in her sense of freedom which was exultant.

She had brought with her some food and the little money still in her possession. In planning to escape she knew that the only source of help might be one of the outposts in that wild country where the Chinese storekeeper plied his trade. Dropping down the path which was the only one leading from that mountain fastness, always alert to any sound of the returning band, she traveled through the darkness faster than she had believed it would be possible for her to go. After several hours of running, stumbling and falling, she came to a road which must be followed that night for it would be impossible to travel it in security during the day. Though almost overcome by weakness she still pressed on, and was finally forced to rest during part of each hour. The desire for sleep was almost overpowering, but she struggled on until the approach of morning,

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when she saw that the road ran along the river—one of those torrents which come out of the mountains of Tibet and flow across hundreds of miles to the sea.

In the early light of the morning she left the path, which was called a road, and, scrambling through the brush and rocks, found a place where it would be safe to rest. Utterly exhausted, she slept during most of the day. Not daring to venture from her hiding place, she waited there until night approached. The distance she had traveled was as nothing to those who would pursue her, and if she had been seen by anyone she knew that Lozong would receive the word at once.

Finding her direction, she realized that it would be necessary to cross the river, which seemed at that moment an impossible feat. Perhaps there was a ferry somewhere, or a bridge. She continued along the bank and finally came to a single strand of native rope swung above the river from two cross-poles on each side, which served as a crossing. She

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

had often seen the Tibetans cross hand over hand and wondered whether her strength would enable her to hold on until she had reached the other side. She trembled as she looked at the surging waters, but it was her only hope. Reaching up to grasp the rope, she threw her arms around it and slid down until she was suspended over the deepest part of the river, and then began to climb. Hand over hand she went, but the rope, damp from the splashing water, continually slipped through her hands. With hands and arms bleeding, she held herself for what seemed to her an interminable time, but which was really only a few moments. Finally, from utter weakness, she let go, and with a prayer on her lips fell, expecting the water to dash her to death. Fortunately, however, she had crossed the deepest part of the river, and though the current was strong fought her way to the eastern bank. Wet, sick, bleeding, she lay down, thanking God that the danger had passed, and prayed for help. Having removed part of her cloth-



## ESCAPE

ing, she rested while it was drying. Over the mountain side, now in the path, more often away from it, she went toward the east, spurred on by the hope that help would come from somewhere.

The servant of the tent discovered that the foreign woman had gone when he brought her food in the morning. Expecting her return, he waited for some time before giving the alarm. The brothers were furious but Lozong said nothing. Then he seemed to quiet them and explained his attitude.

"Let her go," he said. "Why should we bring her back? She will never be happy in our tent. What is the use of trying to keep her?"

"Ah, you are afraid of the doctor."

Lozong's face set hard.

"Afraid of the doctor! Why should I fear him? Go. We will find her, and I will defy the doctor, and China, and the foreign power to which she belongs, to take her from me."



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They went without horses. Like all primitive people, their instinctive ability to trace signs unnoticed by the civilized race led them to the right trail. Down the mountain path they went, following the road she had taken, then leaving it, then taking it up again, until they finally came to the place where she had slept.

"Here she rested," said Lozong briefly, and down the river bank they went to the rope bridge.

"If she attempted that," said one of the brothers, "her body is below."

With fine agility Lozong grasped the rope and swung out over the river. He soon knew she had gone across the torrent for his keen eyes detected the stain of blood on the rope, and when he had reached the water's edge of the opposite shore he saw blood on the sand. He said nothing to his brothers, who did not see his face. They had again taken up the trail and presently one of them shouted, for he had glimpsed her on the mountain side. The younger brother

## ESCAPE

sprang ahead, jumping from rock to rock and tearing through underbrush and across ravines. She had heard them coming and was leaning against a great rock with her back to them. The brother grasped her with a violence which almost threw her.

"You would escape, would you?" he snarled.

Lozong pushed him away, and, placing himself near as her guard, ordered the brothers to prepare camp for the night, for it was nearly dark.

In the early morning, before she had awakened from the fatigue of her journey, Lozong sent for a horse. When it was brought to him, he helped her mount, and, taking the rope which served as a bridle, led the way back. Upon reaching the tent the brothers immediately withdrew for a conference. The woman could hear their voices distinctly. The brother next to Lozong, who seldom spoke, brought her a command to come before the brothers. Feeling that it would be unwise to refuse, she followed

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

him and found them seated on the ground. The younger brother turned to Lozong.

"You must speak," he said.

Lozong lifted his eyes to hers. There was now no smile on his lips, and for the first time she felt that he was troubled. She was sure that he was to be the spokesman for his brothers, rather than for himself.

"We have decided that you must become the wife of our tent, or we will not feed you longer. Tibet thinks you are. The doctor thinks it. We have waited—now we wait no longer."

"Have I not tried to go away? Have I not worked for you? What more can I do?" she asked.

Before Lozong could reply, the younger brother interrupted.

"Your work is nothing. Our companions already ridicule us. We now demand that you shall marry us, or we will kill you."

The woman realized that it was not the time to parley with them; that the crucial

## ESCAPE

moment had arrived. She addressed Lozong.

"Lozong, I did not think this of you. I have said again and again, and I now say finally—I shall not become the wife of your tent. Kill me if you will."

The younger brother sprang towards her, and as she ran before him and the others followed, she realized that the moment was filled with terrible possibilities. Reaching the tent he grasped her roughly.

"We will not kill you but we will make you the wife of the tent."

With almost superhuman strength she tore herself from him and ran to the curtain that hung before the little space that was her own, the man following. Lust was in his eyes and passion marked every motion.

"Do you think you are strong enough to withstand me? I will show you."

As he advanced, she lifted a hand as if to hold him off.

"Do not touch me." Her voice was almost a whisper.

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

He stopped. There was something in her eyes which he had never seen in the eyes of a human being before. He had looked into the eyes of wild animals and he had fought men to their death, but he had never seen a pure woman at bay. The majesty of her purity had triumphed.

Lozong moved closer to her, but watching his brother, who had not yet touched her, for there was something in her eyes that made him almost afraid. Her eyes had never left him, for she knew that of all the brothers, he was most to be feared.

Still gritting his teeth, he muttered, "I will have you."

"You will not. Dog that you are, I am not afraid of you."

With this she stepped in back of the curtain, safe in her strength as a woman.

Several hours later the woman came from behind the curtain and called to the servant.

"I want to see Lozong," she said.

The chief came at once.

"I want to talk with you," she told him.



## ESCAPE

“But not here. Let us go yonder to the big rock that overlooks the valley.”

He followed her silently. Seated on the rock she turned to Lozong and spoke to him as she would to an equal. He was accustomed to Tibetan politeness and to Chinese formality, but this easy mode of conversation which she had adopted was strange.

“Lozong,” she said, “you have already harmed me more than you know. My plans have all been destroyed, and I have lost a great deal of property. I care not so much for that, but with every passing day my health is being ruined. For what? All this is not going to do any good. You seek to hold me in your tent as a wife. Should I through fear consent, I would only become a degraded creature. I am a Christian and cannot give up my ideals without becoming debased. Your Tibetan women are used to this life, but it is impossible to a woman of the west. My religion teaches that one man and one woman shall come to each other,

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not by an arrangement like this, but because they love."

She paused, but Lozong made no response. From the beginning he had not looked at her. His face was stoical in expression and his eyes seemed to be looking far away. The meditative habit of his religion had taken possession of him and she wondered if he were even listening. She continued with her explanation of the Christian's belief that one man should woo one woman and win her with tenderness and love. Still he remained silent.

As he sat there, she admired his powerful physique, revealing the force before which priests and men had quailed. As she reached out her hand, he turned and looked at her.

"Oh, Lozong, if you would help me this one time. If you who have injured so many would, as your religion teaches, grant mercy and show me the way out of Tibet, for long ago I have given up my plan to go to Lhasa, you would have that in your heart which

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would make you happy always. You know I admire your courage, but I am sorry that you are so terrible. I did not know that such a man as you existed. Lozong, save me from your brothers. Take one of the horses yonder and let me cross the mountains to freedom and home."

Lozong was silent for a long time before he arose.

"Let me think," he said, and left her.

## CHAPTER XIX

### THE APPEAL TO THE SOUL

**T**HOUGH deliberate and meditative, the Oriental does not reason as does the man of the Occident. He readily accepts the strange and unexplainable, which is imprinted on the mirror of his brain to be pondered upon at some future time.

So it was with Lozong. Standing in the attitude of prayer and reflection, he prayed "Om mani padme hum." A desire to be just and merciful was strong within him, but it was difficult for him to reach a definition of justice. His mind ran back over the weeks that had elapsed since the foreign woman had crossed his path. The whole course of his life had been changed. He remembered the soft touch with which she dressed his wounds, and wondered at it. He knew that it was this touch of tenderness,

## THE APPEAL TO THE SOUL

different from anything he had known in his rough, wild life that made him desire her. He thought of the Tibetan women. They worked hard and served well, but none of them came with soft hands or expressions of sympathy in their eyes, as did this woman. Then he thought of the doctor—how he traveled many miles, sleeping in the open or in rough places to which he was unaccustomed, simply to help someone, and those whom he helped were not of his own race, yet refusing money and gifts of any value. He reflected on the story the foreign woman had told him, of the righteous love of one man for one woman. He thought of the practice of the Tibetan people at their feasts, how a man would snatch the cap of a woman and she would go to his tent at night to seek it, and then serve both him and his brothers. He remembered very distinctly how she told him that in the west men loved women not for the sake of their bodies but because they loved their souls. He pondered on this a long time.



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"What is the body?" he asked himself. "Buddha taught that the soul is supreme and lives on—that all else is nothing. If we hold this woman we will be enthroning the physical. Her soul will die and Buddha has said that he who causes the death of a soul must wander hopeless and lost throughout all time."

He looked like a statue as he sat on the great rock jutting out from the mountain with a background of blue sky. He had not moved since she left him.

"Under that great teacher whom they call Christ, a man exalts the soul of a woman, not her body, and they say she leads him to a better life. I, who have overcome men, can I conquer my own soul, and will it not then appeal to her? 'Om mani padme hum.' I will not hold her body by power. I will conquer my soul that it may speak unto hers, and she shall then be mine."

He felt once more the joy of possession, but in the midst of it remembered that if he carried out his vow, he, Lozong, the head of

## THE APPEAL TO THE SOUL

his clan and tribe, would have to break the customs of his people and travel an unknown path.

The day had advanced to early evening when Lozong called Sylvia Lambert to the great rock. They stood alone in the silence of the mountains, bathed in the lingering twilight. This time it was the woman who was silent.

"It is hard for me to say what I want to tell you," said Lozong. "It is hard to talk in the new language I have learned."

The woman searched his face eagerly, for she knew from the tone of his voice that there was a marked change in him. The hard lines had left his face, a soft light shone from his eyes, and that which had made her afraid was absent.

"You have taught me a new word," he said, "the word 'love.' By your tenderness you have shown me what it means and you revealed it to me when you told me that a man must conquer his soul that he may win a woman. I cannot plead as does the man

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of the west, but can you not see what has happened to me? You know how differently I would have acted a month ago had you refused to become the wife of our tent. It would have meant nothing to me to hurt or destroy you. You would have been but one more. But from the moment, yonder in the north, when you touched with gentle hands the shoulder that had been hurt and ministered to me, I knew I could not harm you. I took you from the priests not because I wanted you for the wife of our tent, but because I wanted to save you from them. Not until to-day did I see the road we must travel. You have dreamed of going to Lhasa. I shall take you there. The brothers will not go with us. For you I will break the customs of Tibet. For you I will leave the tent of my family. For you I shall give up my name. I shall let your dreams be fulfilled. It has hurt you because I robbed and destroyed. For you I will now live the life of right."

The woman looked upon him with won-

## THE APPEAL TO THE SOUL

der. She knew the struggle that was going on within him. It was far harder for him to renounce his old life than to face the danger of a raid. Every fiber of her body trembled. She was more afraid now than she had ever been, not because of any harm that might befall her, but in the thought of what might happen to him. Strong in the possibilities of manhood, what would happen when she said no? Impulsively she reached out her hand:

"Oh, Lozong, I want to be your friend always, and I want you to be mine, no matter where I may be. I want to often think of you, not because of the harm you have done me, but because of the vision of a man you have given me. What you propose, Lozong, cannot be. You would not be happy."

There was an expression of surprise on his face as he asked,

"Is it not happiness to do right? Is it not happiness to conquer the soul? Have you not taught me this? Though the weak-



## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

ness of the flesh might call me to the old life, you would hold me."

"Oh, it cannot be," moaned the woman. "There are but two paths for me. One is death and the other is over the mountains to the east and home. Oh, will you not help me?"

Lozong straightened himself to his full height.

"You have said that loving is giving. The only desire I have heard you express is to go to Lhasa. No more will I speak to you of becoming my wife—I cannot promise for my brothers—but I shall take you to Lhasa. You will see that wonderful city, the city where dwells the Dalai Lama Himself who rules us all. There you will see the golden roof of the Potala as it rises tier upon tier above the mountains. You will stand on its highest tower and see where the power of Buddha is supreme in the world. Your eyes will see that which no woman of your race has ever seen. That will be my gift of love. If in turn you cannot love, perhaps



## THE APPEAL TO THE SOUL

the door will open, either to the east or to the west, and you shall go to that land which you call your home. I take you because I believe that all other lands are as offal to the land of Tibet. Once you have seen Lhasa, the glory of all other lands and of all other cities will fade from your eyes, for Lhasa is the city of Buddha. You are now better. The camp breaks with the early morning and before another sun has set we shall be on the road to Lhasa."

## CHAPTER XX

### FAMILY TIES BROKEN

**L**OZONG was talking with his brothers, but the woman could not hear what was said. The result was the breaking of the camp, and before the sun was high in the heavens a start had been made on the road to Lhasa. In the heart of the woman there was no joy in the thought that she was going to the city of which she had dreamed as the goal of her journey to the land out where the world begins. The brothers were sullen. There was none of the usual talking and jesting which characterizes the caravan of the east. There was no haste. The little band moved on at the pace customary to caravans journeying towards the holy city. It had taken on some of the religious form and ceremony assumed by pilgrims traveling that way. The greatest respect was shown them

## FAMILY TIES BROKEN

by others on the road when it became known that the band of Lozong was on its way to the holy city.

Meanwhile a messenger brought word to the doctor at the mission station that the band was moving towards Lhasa. His little group of faithful friends knew whenever Lozong left the trail for the main road, to trade or to raid. They had also heard of the foreign woman's attempted escape, and the doctor connected this with the journey towards Lhasa.

"They are putting her far beyond my reach," he thought, "and making it impossible for me to save her."

He had been making his plans very carefully and studying what he should do under many possible conditions. This latest news surprised him. He considered it not at all unlikely that they would take her to their secluded home for the winter months which were drawing near, or to their own little valley where he could not follow. He was almost despairing again. But why

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were they taking her to Lhasa? Was it to secure the sanction of the high powers of Buddha for their action in holding a foreign woman? He heard that the younger brother had persistently circulated the rumor that she was the wife of their tent, but nothing had come from the lips of Lozong to confirm it.

Now that he knew that the band was on the road to Lhasa he made a careful preparation for an itinerary to which he was accustomed. He had often gone down the main traveled road to Lhasa, healing the sick, scattering little tracts of Scripture, and preaching as he went. Word was given out that the doctor was preparing to take one of his customary trips into the interior, but he was careful that no one should know that he was really following Lozong. He planned to overtake the band, if possible, at a place where he had many friends. He now vowed to himself that it must be his life or theirs, and said to himself again and again, "I could not go on in my work if I

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permitted a helpless woman to die." With a sad face he started on his journey.

This trip was not made as quickly as had been the preceding ones. He stopped at every camp and at every store, and, in his usual merry way, healed and preached. The receptions were continual testimonies of the appreciation of his work. Many questioned him about Lozong and the strange woman he had captured, but the doctor showed no interest in the stories which they told him. Sometimes he said to himself, "It may mean my life as well as that of Lozong." When he lay down at night he prayed that God would open a way to save this strange woman. He persistently fought back any acknowledgment to himself that his purpose was other than to help her. He had never known the feeling of love, and he could not believe that what he now felt for her could be rightfully called love. He thought of it only as a great anxiety for her safety, like solicitude over the outcome of a serious op-



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eration, yet within himself he knew that he had never before felt such concern.

The moving caravan had just completed a rather steep descent through a pass, and had stopped to rest in a beautiful little valley of fertile fields and farms, revealing a lamasery in the distance. The sullenness of the brothers had increased with the days marking the journey, and only the imperative order of Lozong had kept them to the road. "We go to Lhasa," he commanded when they showed a disposition to oppose the course he was taking.

Now when they halted the spokesman of the brothers came to Lozong,

"You yourself have decreed that she must not go to Lhasa," he said, "and now, without making her the wife of the tent or without consulting with us as in the past, you are forcing us to journey with you to take this woman to our holy city. It is not the time to make our pilgrimage of merit to Lhasa, so why should we go? We have had a fairly

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successful season. The winter comes. Let us return to our house in the valley."

Lozong ruled by force of reason rather than by authority, but he realized that now there was no argument which would satisfy his brothers, and again curtly commanded,

"We go to Lhasa. If I care to take her, that is my affair."

His manner infuriated the younger brother.

"If she goes to Lhasa it will be as our wife," he retorted, "or we go not another foot, and if you do not make her become our wife, the dogs of the valley will have her body."

The woman inside of the tent stood listening. She was not surprised that it had come to an issue, for she had watched the growing sullenness of the brothers.

"Oh, God," she prayed, "make Lozong strong. Help him to save me. I will accept death rather than that awful degradation."

As she prayed, Lozong faced the broth-

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ers. His eyes were alight with a terrible fire. He was meeting an issue which he had never thought of as a part of his life until he had vowed to give up even his family for the woman in the tent. He and his brothers had often quarreled and even fought, but now each realized that a more serious hour had arrived. They feared him as never before, for they saw that his face worked with an anger which knew no restraint, yet they too were men of courage. One moved as if to go to the tent. Lozong, knife in his right hand, lifted his left, and keeping all in front of him, repelled every attempt to pass him.

“Go, you dogs. Later I will settle with you and give you your share of the spoils. This woman shall not be harmed, neither will we force her to become our wife. No longer is Lozong of your household. Go.”

The brothers held back amazed, for they could not believe that his anger would ever lead him so far. In his rough way he had been a man of affection, and the accomplish-

## FAMILY TIES BROKEN

ments and courage of his family had been his pride. A separation from him was strange, and they had never thought of such a condition entering their lives. Without a word, however, they swung themselves onto their horses and rode away. A brother had been lost to them. They did not fear that he would forget to divide the spoils, but what power had this woman over Lozong that could make him leave them for her?

Sylvia Lambert listened with wonder, amazed that this man of the mountains, whom she sometimes called wild, would permit the dictates of his feeling to lead him so far. She waited, expecting him to call her. Once she looked from the tent and saw him standing silently in the growing darkness, facing the direction in which the brothers had gone. At that moment she felt more helpless than ever. Lozong had shielded her from his brothers, but who would protect her from him? She was confident that to him his love for her was real, but with his standards so far removed from her own, she did



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not know what to expect. Longing for help, her mind turned confidently to the doctor. Where was he? Were the pressure of his hand and the look in his eyes only of sympathy, or did he really care?"

"If I were a man, would I hesitate? Would I let a helpless woman suffer like this? No, no matter if she were a stranger, I would give my life."

With doubting the only human being who could help her, her fear of Lozong grew. In the darkness of the tent, groping among her few personal belongings, she found the knife which he had given her, and which he said would serve as a weapon if ever she was in serious danger. Leaving the tent, she found Lozong still standing in the same position. He was between her and the setting sun, and catching a glimpse of his face she saw only sadness. Instantly her fear left her, and she went out to him:

"Oh, Lozong, I am sorry; more sorry than I can tell you, that I have been the cause of your quarrel with your brothers."



## FAMILY TIES BROKEN

"We have not quarreled," answered the chief. "We have separated."

"You have said that the law of love is to give," he went on. "I have given them up. They have gone from me. Is not that unselfishness? Now what will you give in return?"

She was silent before this appeal.

"But Lozong," she finally said, "I do not love you. You know I admire you and I owe you a great debt because of what happened to-night, but it would be wrong for me to give myself without love. I am honored that a man as brave and strong as you loves me—but you surely realize that, feeling as I do, I cannot live in your tent. I craved adventure, but I have had enough of it. Now I long for my home and all the comfort it affords. If you will allow me to go back, I will serve others. I have been selfish, but you, to-night, have taught me the meaning of real unselfishness. Oh, will you not let me go? As I stood in the tent I feared you. I confess that I brought this

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knife with me to defend myself if you forced me. Here, take it. This shows you that I trust you even though I cannot love you."

As she placed the knife in his open hand, it slipped to the ground. For a long time he looked at her steadily and then turned his back, indicating that the interview was ended.

## CHAPTER XXI

### CONQUERING SELF

THE woman walked slowly back to the tent. She knew that Lozong was fighting such a battle as perhaps few men were ever called upon to meet. Unable to sleep, she stole out from time to time to look at the chief, who, standing erect with his face towards Lhasa, fought not only his desire for this strange woman, but also the question of his religion. Only once or twice he involuntarily muttered, "Om mani padme hum." He soon came to realize that it was not now a question of his love for this woman, for he remembered that she had said, "I do not love you." Into his great soul had come a realization of love. He who had fought and won so many times had at last learned to fight and lose. He knew that giving her up would not end his trouble.

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

His love had cost him his family. Must he give up everything?

For a moment the savage side of his nature held sway.

"I will gather about me the wild men and the outlaws of Tibet and form a clan of my own. We will raid and destroy—we will live as men without homes or religion."

But this mood quickly passed.

"In this hour of my sorrow, with this love within me hopeless and my family gone, what is my religion worth to me? I see now that it was all form. I have worshipped the image of Buddha and bowed down before men who are supposed to be the incarnate Buddhas, but what have they done for me? The priests are low and sensual. They meditate—they say "nothing—nothing—all is nothing." What does it avail? They heal no diseases. They are held bound by beliefs that help no one. This woman's religion produces men like that blue-eyed doctor—men with laughter in their souls. They cross mountains and seas to help others. In

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all the history of Buddhism, what has it done for Tibet that can be compared with what the doctor does yonder in his little hospital? Have the thousand monasteries—has the golden roofed Potala—have any of these things helped Tibet? I once heard this woman pray for help. She prayed to a being called 'God' and to one whom she calls the Christ. Oh, Christ, I turn to you now. I am seeking you, for I know not the way. Buddha showed me one way, but was it the way to life? He renounced life and gave up its joys for himself, but of what worth was that if it brought no joy to others?"

With this cry of despair in his heart, he called to the woman.

"Do you love?" he asked her.

"Do you mean—you?" she asked in return.

"You answered that," he said briefly. "In your land, do you love another?"

"No."

"Do you love the doctor?"

Her face flushed.



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"I don't know."

"Lozong," she added, "I am being more honest with you than I have ever been with anyone else. If another questioned me as you do, I don't know what I should say, but you have suffered so much for me that I want to be honest with you. I know so little of the doctor and he is so much better than I. I cannot understand, though, why he has not again come to me."

For the first time in many days, Lozong smiled.

"It is because he understands what you do not. You cannot question his courage. I would give anything to possess it. Mine depends upon firearms and knives—his is the courage of a man. Rumor says that he is following us. He says that the purpose of his trip is to search out the sick, but I notice that it has brought him ever nearer to us and to you. He may be able to deceive others, but not Lozong. In the morning we shall journey towards him.

"You must now rest. You sleep inside

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the tent, and I as a guard at your door—your servant and your friend.”

Lozong called her at sunrise. She had slept untroubled, for his assurance had brought to her soul a calmness that she had not experienced for many months. Dressing hurriedly she came and stood at the opening of the tent. As the man looked upon her, there came unconsciously to his lips the prayer, “Om mani padme hum.” She seemed to him like a goddess from another world. Sleep and the promise of safety had brought to her face a wonderful look of joy.

“We must travel quickly,” he said. “We have not time to break up camp. I would leave you here until I find the doctor, but I am afraid that my brothers may return.”

Together they rode away.

Lozong questioned very closely every traveler whom they encountered, and after riding several hours they saw in the dis-

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tance a little group of horsemen coming towards them.

"He comes," said Lozong. "Wait here and let me go to meet him. This would be no place for you to talk. I will tell him that to-night he may come to the tent."

"Oh, Lozong, you will tell him nothing that I have told you—of the questions in my mind. You must not tell him anything."

"Nothing," replied he briefly, as he rode forward.

"Is she ill again?" the doctor betrayed his great concern.

"No, she is well—and happy."

The doctor searched Lozong's eyes. He saw a different Lozong.

"What brings you?" asked the chief in return.

"I love the woman." He was silent for a while before he went on.

"But I am a rough man, Lozong——"

"Not to me," interrupted the chief.

"Ah, but I am according to the standards of the society in which this woman was

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reared. I hesitate to tell her of my love because we know so little of each other. You have guarded her so closely that I have not been able even to talk with her. Now tell me—tell it all to me.”

Lozong, remaining true to his promise, did not betray the woman’s confidence, but related in detail what occurred when he separated from his brothers. With the simplicity of the Orient, he told the doctor that he loved the strange woman, and of his fight to save her.

Instantly the doctor said, “Is she not the wife of your tent?”

This time Lozong laughed.

“Ah, that younger brother of mine has deceived you.”

“Yes, he did,” the doctor replied honestly. “I finally believed him.”

The doctor studied the man before him. Was it possible that the time had come when he would respond to the appeal of Christianity?

With their horses’ heads touching and the

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

attendants out of hearing, the doctor began with Lozong's love for the foreign woman, dwelt upon the doctrine of unselfishness and finally led up to the majestic figure of Christ.

Lozong listened attentively.

"But you do not understand," he said at last. "Buddhism has been my very life. Would you now take that from me also? I have given up my family to save this woman. Is not that merit enough?"

"But," explained the doctor, "Christ did not think of merit for Himself, and saved others though he could not save Himself."

Lozong sat silently for a long time.

"Stay here until a division of time has passed," he said at last, "and then travel yonder to the pass, cross it, and at its foot, when the sun is setting, you will find her with me."



## CHAPTER XXII

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS"

WHEN Lozong returned to Sylvia Lambert, he remarked briefly, "He comes tonight."

As they rode back towards the camp the depression and sadness which had marked the bearing of the chief gradually disappeared. He described to his companion the perils of the pass which led to the great mountain beyond, told her about his home miles away, and once again related the wonders of the holy city of Lhasa.

As they reached the tent his keen eyes detected that someone had been there during their absence.

"It was my brother, the one who is now the head of the family," he said, "and he came alone—perhaps to parley—I know not. He will come again with the others when

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

they hear that the doctor is here. That will bring them—but not with a mission of peace.”

As the twilight deepened the woman grew restless and almost nervous. She wondered what would happen when the doctor came—how he would greet her and what he would say. The rumor which Lozong had repeated troubled her. Perhaps he was married. She dwelt a little, however, on the possibility that this was not true and that he might tell her that he loved her. There had been so much uncertainty about her safety, that she could not realize that liberty was so near.

“He comes,” said Lozong, from the opening of the tent where he had been watching. He walked down the path to meet the doctor, took his horse and led it away.

The woman stood in the opening of the tent. In the impulse of the eternal feminine she had made herself as presentable as possible. He had seen her only while she was ill, but now that health had returned

## “GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN”

with the assurance of safety there was a new light in her eyes. He did not know that it was not kindled by the return of health, but by the tension of the moment which was to bring an experience that she had not expected to find in Tibet. They had never talked in their own language, and they knew nothing more of each other than that he had come to Tibet to minister to its people, and that she sought the city of Lhasa. They looked into each other's eyes for a long time, then he reached out his hand. She came and put both of hers into his.

“I do not know a woman's way, and I do not even know your name correctly, but is this an expression of gratitude, or do you come to me this way because you feel something more?”

“It must be more than that, for I wanted you to come not alone to save me, but to be near. But they say you are married?”

“No, I have never loved another woman.”

Then she answered softly, “I love you.”

The hour seemed too holy to both of them

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

for more than one expression of the depth of their love. Sylvia looking into his eyes said "I came to Tibet to find if men were real. I do not know you but I do. In Tibet, out of Tibet, anywhere I will go with you. Man of laughter—man of courage—man of eyes of musket steel."

Lozong had been waiting out of hearing distance of their low voices, but he came when they called.

"We do not want to banish you," the doctor told him. "You who have given up your brothers for us. You are our brother now as long as you live, and there will always be a home for you in the little hospital. Lozong, will you not believe in Christ now? It would mean everything to the lives of the people in this far country if you could do that. You who have terrorized men, can you not now love and help them instead?"

While the doctor was speaking, a strange look came into the woman's eyes. No word of their future had been spoken except what she had said. What did he mean when he

## "GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN"

said that Lozong could come to their home in the hospital? Surely he did not mean that she was to be a missionary. But why not! The greatest adventure of all time is to open new roads and new lands to the only real civilization, the one that follows the messengers of Christ. The path she was following was indeed strange, but she did not question it. This night was theirs. Questions could be answered at another time.

The doctor talked with Lozong for a long time. He put aside for a moment the joy of his love in his eagerness to tell Lozong of Christ's larger love for him, and that He said "that if a man forsake not father and mother and brothers, he was none of His."

At last the doctor realized that it was growing very late.

"The lady must sleep," he told Lozong.

"Yes," the chief replied, "tell her to rest in the tent for we must seek the road early in the morning. I will look after the horses. My brothers will know by this time that you are here, and we must find the third pass



## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

before the sun is high in the heavens—the pass that leads to your hospital in the village.”

Sylvia Lambert slept inside the tent, while the two men guarded the entrance. They were united now, for one reached out to his God whom he knew would understand, and the old formalism dropped from the other as he prayed, “Oh, unknown God, teach me Thy way.”

It seemed to the doctor that he had slept only a few moments when Lozong called him—for in the joy of his love and new hope it was a long time before sleep had overtaken him. They were soon on their way, for the tent was left standing and the camp untouched. The doctor rode ahead, followed by the woman, then the silent Lozong. In seeing them safely on the road to the hospital he was making his supreme gift. He knew that his brothers were not far behind. When the doctor halted for a moment, Lozong urged him on. “We must ride fast,” he said, and when they reached

## "GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN"

the second pass, he turned to look back over the road they had traveled. "We must ride even faster," he urged again. The doctor knew what he meant—that back in the valley below the brothers were following. Pressing on as fast as possible, they at last reached the top of the pass. Below lay the little mission hospital. By following unfrequented trails across the mountains they had covered in a few hours the distance which the doctor had traveled during several days of his ministry.

As they looked down upon the town, the doctor pointed out the mission hospital nestling among the flat roofs.

"That is our home, and that includes you, Lozong."

"Are we to stay here?" asked the woman.

"Yes, sweetheart, but you shall have your wish after all, for beginning from that little hospital we shall together seek Lhasa. We shall not go as travelers, to face the dangers of uncertain adventure, but shall find our way through that hospital when the gospel

## WHERE THE WORLD BEGINS

of our faith shall have opened a broad road by means of the service we shall render these people. Other roads lead to Lhasa but men have forever closed them because they have tried to open them with firearms, but this road which only the Buddhist pilgrim and government messenger knows we shall open by service and love to the messengers of Christ forever."

Lozong turned again to look back over the pass, and following his glance, they saw in the distance a group of horsemen riding towards them.

"I cannot stay longer," he said, "but perhaps if your Christ wills it I may come to you in the hospital yonder and be as a brother to you."

Impulsively reaching out, as he lifted his hands with palms upward in the Tibetan sign of farewell, Sylvia Lambert grasped the hands of Lozong.

"Oh, Lozong, you are my brother, for you have saved me."

He loosened her hands gently, turned his

## **"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN"**

horse and rode down the pass. The doctor started to follow, then hesitated, for he had seen the horsemen riding hard, and knew that Lozong could meet them better alone.

They had ridden only a short distance when the sharp report of a shot reverberated among the mountain peaks. The doctor lifted a sad face to the sky. That sound could have but one meaning.

The woman dropped her head down upon the horse's mane, weeping, the pity of the sacrifice overwhelming her.

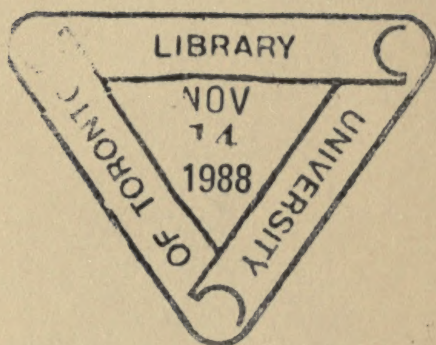
The doctor uncovered his head as he said, "Greater love had no man than this, that a man shall lay down his life for his friends."

**THE END**









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